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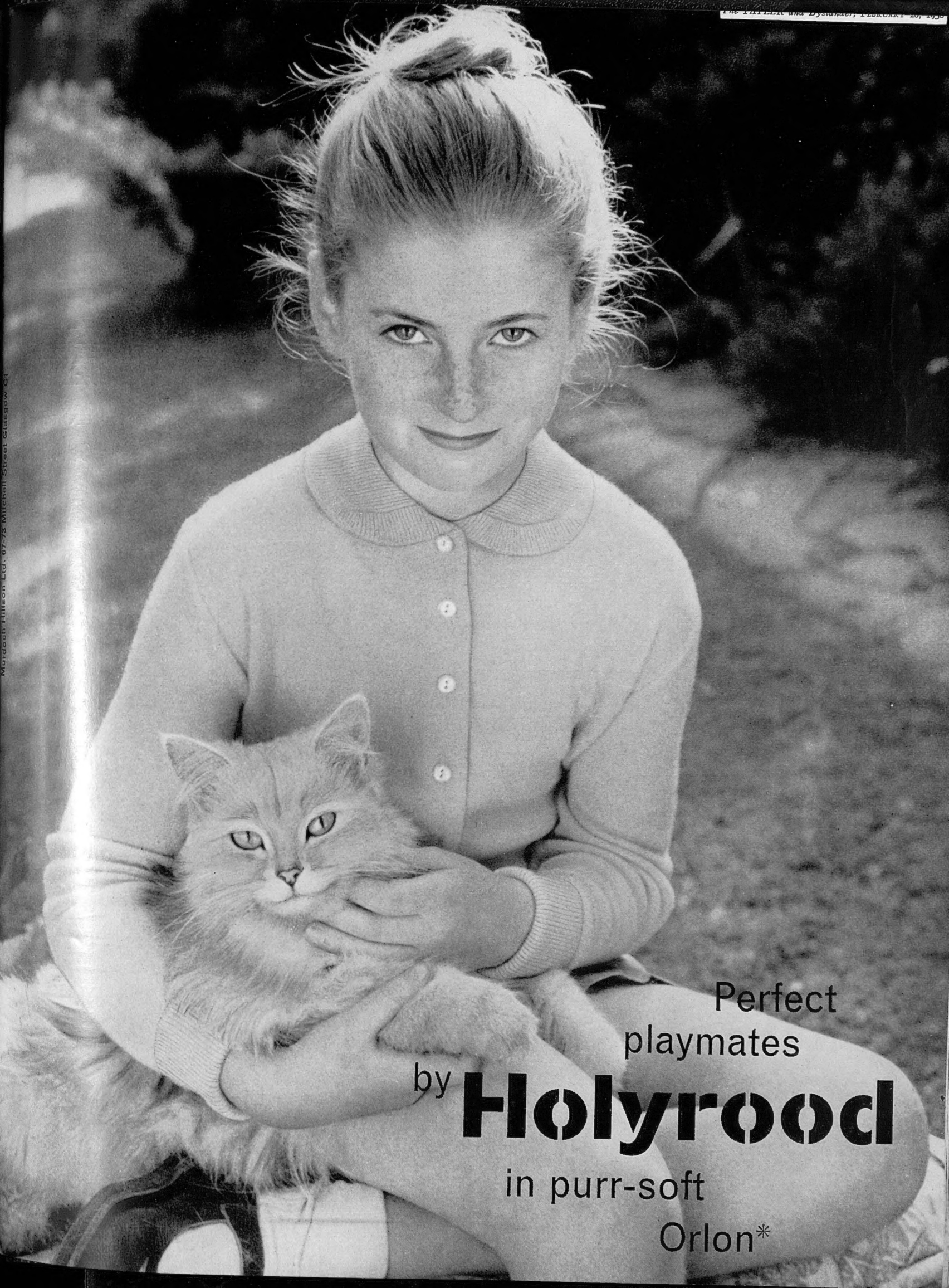
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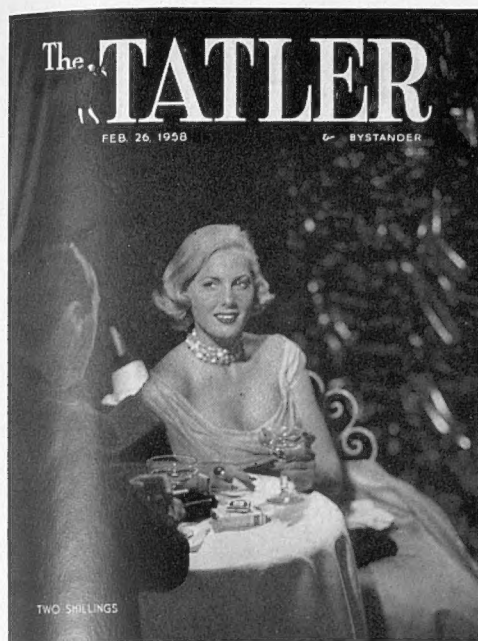
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SOFT LIGHTS and sweet music are among the essentials of good after-dark entertaining in town. This week The TATLER cover expresses the spirit of a lighthearted evening which started in one of the more recherche West End restaurants. With the debutante season so near, this type of social engagement will figure even more largely in plans and diaries, and now it is not too early to begin thinking of bookings

Diary of the week

FROM 27 FEBRUARY TO 5 MARCH

THURSDAY 27 FEBRUARY

First night: *Touch It Light* at the Strand Theatre.

Royal visit: Prince Philip will visit the College of Aeronautical and Automobile Engineering in Sydney Street, Chelsea.

Steeplechasing at Windsor and Nottingham.

FRIDAY 28 FEBRUARY

Dinner: Annual reunion of the Antarctic Club at the Criterion Restaurant; Prince Philip will attend.

Steeplechasing at Manchester and Kempton Park.

SATURDAY 1 MARCH

Service for S.S.A.F.A. in St. Paul's Cathedral; the Duchess of Gloucester will attend.

Lecture: Mr. James Fisher will give a lecture on "Highland Birds," illustrated by film, at the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

Point-to-Points: Newmarket and Thurlow (Moulton), Sandhurst Foxhounds (Tweseldown), Oxford University (Lockinge), South Durham (Sedgefield).

Steeplechasing at Kempton Park, Kelso, Warwick and Manchester.

SUNDAY 2 MARCH

Concert: The Vienna Octet at the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

MONDAY 3 MARCH

Premiere: *Violent Playground* will be presented at the Odeon, Marble Arch, in aid of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition; Prince Philip will attend.

Steeplechasing at Fontwell Park and Wolverhampton.

TUESDAY 4 MARCH

Concert: Yehudi Menuhin at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Exhibition: *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

Steeplechasing at Wolverhampton.

WEDNESDAY 5 MARCH

Dinner: The Anglo-Norse Society Dinner at Claridge's; Prince Philip will attend.

Steeplechasing at Ludlow.

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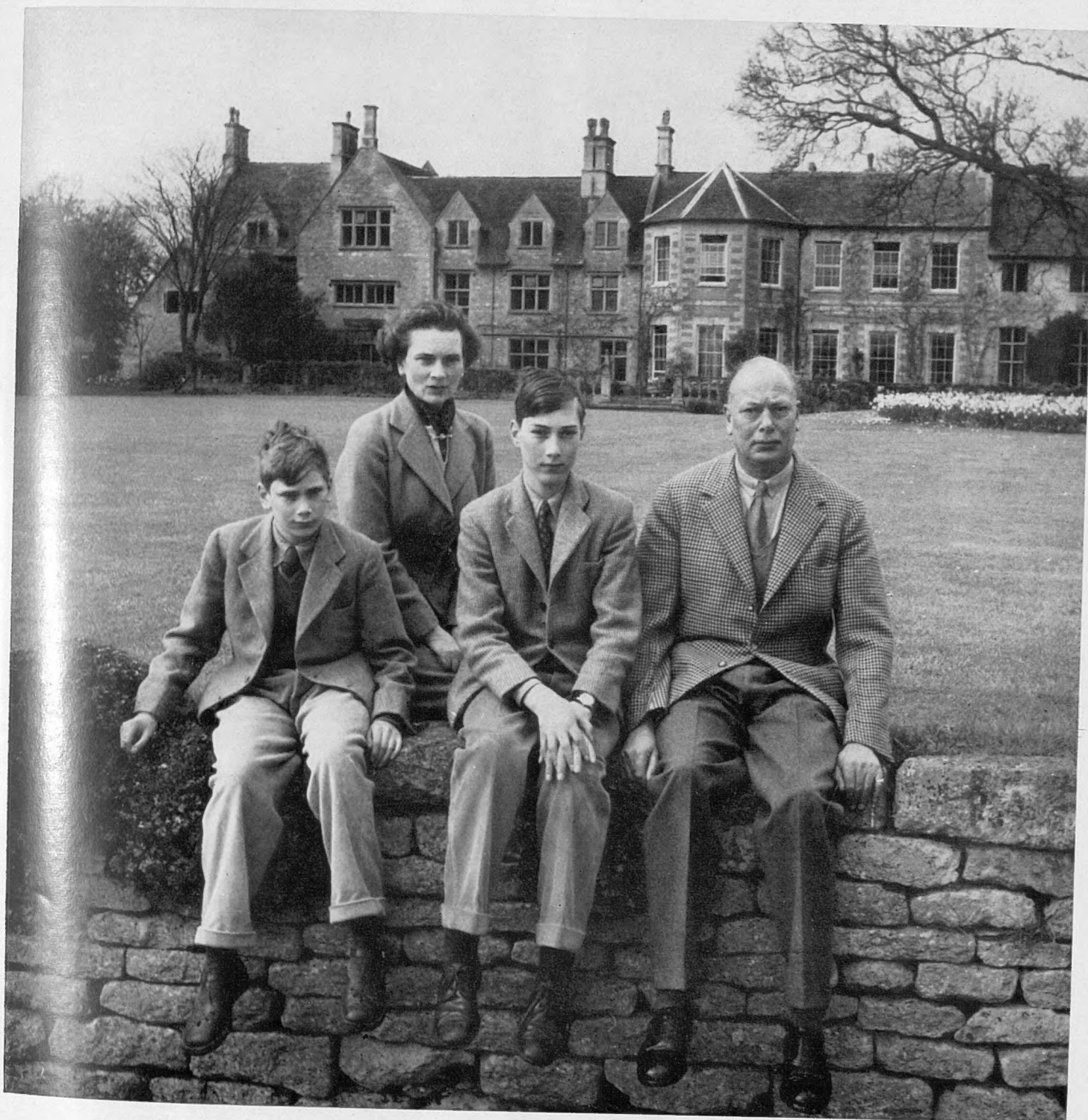
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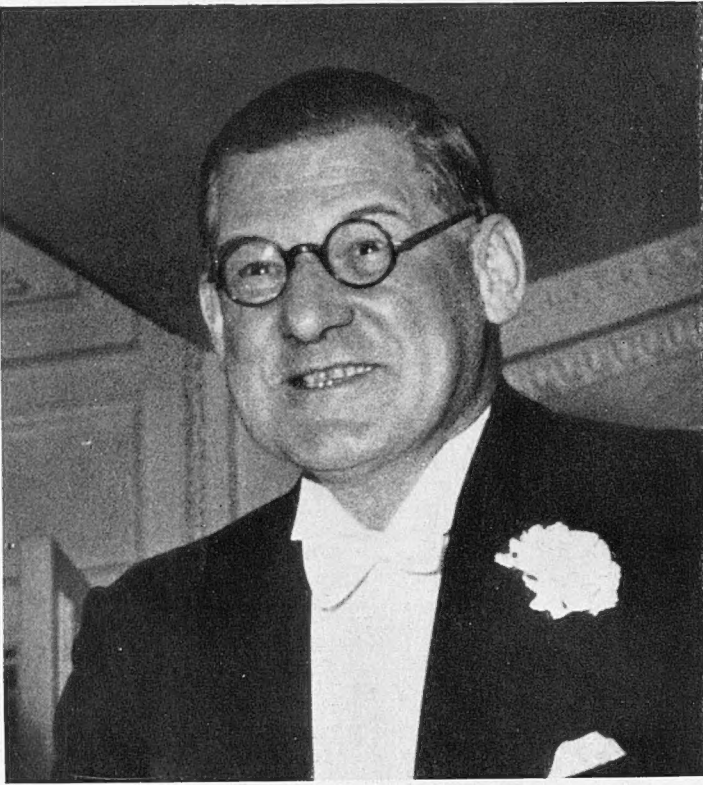
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The Duke of Gloucester and his family

THE Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with their sons Prince Richard and Prince William at their country house, Barnwell Manor, Peterborough. The Duke, as third son of King George V, lies fourth in succession to the Throne. The Duchess was formerly Lady Alice

Montagu-Douglas-Scott, third daughter of the seventh Duke of Buccleuch and a sister of the present Duke. Prince William is sixteen and his younger brother, Prince Richard, thirteen and a half; they are both receiving their education at Eton College



Mr. Miles Wyatt is Admiral of the club. He is the chairman of Airwork. Mrs. Wyatt accompanied him



Miss June Sarson was partnered by Mr. Alan Nicol who sailed in Mr. Brian Pasmore's yacht, Theta

The ocean racers throw a party

THREE HUNDRED yachtsmen and their friends thronged the ballroom of the Hyde Park Hotel at the annual dance of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. This is the club for the big sea-going yachts. Over a mid-night dinner memories were exchanged of last year's stern Fastnet Race and of summer yachting at Cowes



Mr. Stewart Burrell and Miss Sheila Tucker looking at a confectionery model of the yacht Thalassa

Photographs by
Desmond O'Neill



Miss Ann Williams and Mr. Roger Wormald, who is British Railways' Assistant Marine Manager at Dover



The Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers, owner of the fast Foxhound, with Mr. Peter Green of Lloyd's, and Mrs. Green



Miss Judy Nelson and Cdr. Michael Blake of H.M.S. President



Miss Susan Robertson and Mr. Bill Dean, who crews in the Thalassa



Mr. Michael Dick and Miss Sally Blake, who sail in the yacht Lutina of Lloyd's Yacht Club



Mr. John Dick at a dinner table with his fiancée Miss Judy Herbert



Another yacht modelled in confectionery was the famous Griffin II. Mr. and Mrs. David Winsloe were admiring the skill of the baker



Mr. H. Spencer-Phillips, Miss Marian Sewell, Mr. A. Peel, Miss Jane Phillips

SCOTTISH HOSTESS

MRS. ALASTAIR BALFOUR is the wife of Lt.-Col. Alastair Balfour of Dawyck, D.L. Mrs. Balfour is giving a dance for her husband's American niece, Miss Grania Guriewitch, in August at Dawyck, the Balfours' house in Peeblesshire. Miss Guriewitch is making her debut this year, and will come to this country in June to be presented by Mrs. Whitney, wife of the U.S. Ambassador



Norton-Pratt

SOCIAL JOURNAL

JENNIFER

Oranges and sunshine on the Riviera

THE Riviera is enjoying a wonderful winter season. When I was down there for twenty-four hours over the New Year, I found this heavenly coast bathed in sunshine; since then they have had weeks of fine weather with only a very few short breaks.

When I arrived, this time from Switzerland, my first impression was not only of the soft, warm air, but also of the glorious scent of the mimosa trees in full bloom everywhere. The spring blossom was also out, with roses, marigolds, primulas, cyclamen, cinerarias and numerous other plants flowering out of doors. Oranges, ripe on the trees, added more colour to an already gay scene.

Among the first people I met after arriving in Cannes were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, down here for a brief holiday with a party of friends including Lord and Lady Irwin who had just left when I arrived; Capt. and Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass, Mr. Jeremy Tree and Major Jack Clayton. Like many visitors to Cannes at this time of the year, most of the party played golf at Mougins each day. Incidentally when the Duchess of Norfolk presents her debutante daughter, Lady Mary Howard, at Buckingham Palace next month, she is also presenting the brilliant young show jumping rider Miss Ann Townsend. The Duchess is Ann's guardian and is very sweetly taking a keen interest to ensure that she has as much fun during the season as her own daughter, and as much as Ann's show jumping programme will permit.

I stayed at the very comfortable Majestic Hotel in Cannes owned by Monsieur Francois André, who has made many new improvements.

The drive-in and the garden have been opened up, to make a much bigger garden set among palm trees in front of the hotel. One side is bordered by a number of small luxury shops displaying really lovely jewels, clothes and antiques which, even if you can't afford to buy them, are a joy to look at. A large, wide terrace with chairs and tables overlooking the lawn and flower beds has been built outside the new bar, which is a delightfully sunny spot for an aperitif before lunch. I also noticed several guests enjoying a siesta here or in the garden during the afternoon. The outside of the hotel has been painted the palest pink and cream with touches of aquamarine, a fresh and welcoming picture as you arrive. Inside, improvements include the modernization and redecoration of many of the bedrooms and bathrooms and an amusing corridor of showcases named "Le chemin de Madame" running out of the foyer.

IN Cannes there is always plenty to amuse visitors. If you want to take exercise there are many beautiful walks, excellent hard courts at the Cannes Tennis club (where the winter tournament was in full swing), and golf at Mougins Country Club or at Mandelieu. Twice a week, on Sundays and Tuesdays, there is a very good race meeting at the Hippodrome de la Cote d'Azur, near Nice. I went racing here one afternoon and found it most comfortable and entertaining. Col. Taton, who was formerly military attache in Ankara, is the very efficient clerk of the course. We arrived just before racing began and got a table for lunch in the tiered and glass-fronted restaurant overlooking the race-

course directly opposite the winning post. Here you can lunch in or out of doors (we chose the latter) and have a meal beautifully served with no rush.

Everything is done for the comfort of the racegoer, your racecard is brought to you, a man comes round with a slip of paper giving the latest starting prices of the runners, and someone else comes round to take your bets to the totalisator if you don't want to go yourself. The only similar service I have met in England is when you dine in the Members' restaurant at the White City to watch dog racing—but at Nice you do not have to be a member to enjoy this comfort, the entrance to the stand was only 350 francs, with car parking free! The programme consisted of eight races, five ordinary flat races on a round course or the straight five furlong course, and then three trotting races. For the first of the trotting events there were seventeen starters and as they drive at a tremendous speed it was most exciting to watch. It was also an amusing sight to see the starter going down the course before each race in an old fashioned horse-drawn "Surrey" complete with a fringe on top and pneumatic tyres.

ONE evening I went to see the Marquis de Cuevas's ballet company, which has just opened in the Casino Theatre here. A delightful programme was well produced and danced. It included *Dessins Pour Les Six*, *La Somnambule*, *Piege de Lumiere*, and *Grand Pas de Deux* from *Don Quichotte*, exceptionally well danced by Maria Sanstevan and Serge Golovine. Another evening I attended one of the gastronomically outstanding and very elegant Grands Diners de Cannes with dancing and an excellent cabaret in the very gracious Les Ambassadeurs restaurant of the Casino. These are held every Monday and Thursday during the winter season when guests have to wear evening dress. In spite of the five course dinner, including caviar and *foie gras*, the charge is kept down to about £2 a head. There are of course the greater and more expensive spectacles of the Grand Galas which also take place in Les Ambassadeurs about twice a month, and every evening there is too the softly lit and charmingly decorated Brummel's night club run by the former well known dancer Harry Pilcer, just below Les Ambassadeurs. Here you can dance until the early hours of the morning, to a very good band and to the very new Musiramer, which has a wonderful tone.

During the winter in Cannes, that unique personality, M. François André, keeps a personal eye on, and supervises, all activities in the Casino and elsewhere, as he does at Deauville in the summer. It was good to see M. André, who is known and beloved by thousands of friends throughout the world, looking fit and well again after his illness of last summer, when he was so sadly missed at the northern resort.

In the course of my short stay I walked round the eighteen-hole golf course at Mougins where Col. Carlton runs everything so efficiently. The course was playing very well and the greens were in perfect condition. King Baudouin of Belgium, a keen golfer, his father, step-mother and two brothers were here nearly every day last month when they were staying in a house near Grasse. The young King has become a good player with a handicap of five, and hits the ball a long way. Among those playing the morning I was there, were the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Jeremy Tree with Capt. and Mrs. Hastings-Bass; they were joined for luncheon by the Duchess of Norfolk who had walked a number of miles for exercise to meet them. I saw that



A. V. Swaeb
THE DUCHESS OF KENT and the Duke of Norfolk attended a gala performance of *A Tale Of Two Cities* in aid of the Animal Health Trust. With them here, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, are Mrs. Cyril Ross, president of the organizing committee, and Mr. Ross, vice-president

delightful person Lord Whitburgh, a regular visitor to Cannes each winter; he had been playing with Major Sholto Douglas and Col. Malcolm Thorburn. They came out just after Christmas, and said how comfortable they are at the Mont-Fleury Hotel, which I looked round one afternoon. It is high up in Cannes but only five minutes from La Croisette, with a frequent private bus up and down. Recently it has been entirely redecorated and modernized and has a large, very quiet garden.

I ALSO met Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby who play golf most days, Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn playing with Mr. Reggie Shurey, M. and Madame Maurice Hennessy, the latter always exceptionally chic whether on the golf course or dining in Les Ambassadeurs, Col. Giles Loder, and Mrs. Sydney Loder who was playing with Mr. William Miller. Others who have been playing here recently include Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster, M. and Mme. Peugeot, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Marsh, Viscount Rothermere who motors over from his villa at Monte Carlo where his son-in-law and daughter, Major Neil and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, have recently been paying him a short visit, and Sir Noel and Lady Charles who have a villa at Mougins and one at St. Christophe.

I met Countess St. Aldwyn who was staying at the Majestic. She was out here on doctor's orders, as she has been suffering from persistent asthma. Also staying in this comfortable hotel, which M. Searssan runs very well, and which is so conveniently near the Casino, were Sir Donald and Lady Horsfall, Sir Edward and Lady Baron, the latter suffering from a slipped disc, Major and Mrs. Derek Wigan who



Desmond O'Neill

BRAZILIANS IN LONDON ARE GUESTS OF THE ALLIED CIRCLE

Mr. K. R. Johnstone, deputy director-general of the British Council, and Lady Rayleigh, whose country house is near Chelmsford

Lady Dudley Gordon and Mrs. J. McNeill Robertson with Senhor Chateaubriand Bandeira de Mello, the Brazilian Ambassador

The reception was at the Circle's Mayfair headquarters. Above: Sr. Castello Branco, Brazilian Charge d'Affaires, and his wife



THE NATIONAL SOCIETY opened its twenty-fifth Exhibition with a private view at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly; the exhibition is open until March 4, Above: Mr. Iain MacNab, of the Society's Council, and Mrs. MacNab. Left: Lord Sudeley, Mrs. H. M. Sainthill

Paintings on show in Piccadilly

have a small boat down on this coast, Mrs. Murray Graham, Sir Ronald Howe the former chief at Scotland Yard, Mme. Leon Volterra always so chic whether going out fishing, even at this time of year (of course well wrapped up) on a racecourse, or in the Casino in the evening, the French composer M. Francis Poulenc and Sir William and Lady Currie.

Other guests in this hotel since the new year include ex-King Umberto of Italy, ex-King Simon and ex-Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria, Princess Aspasia of Greece, le Marquis de Sanges D'Abadi and Turkish Prince Osman Fuad. Sir Simon and Lady Marks, who were staying at the Carlton Hotel, were greeting many English friends and visiting French friends around the coast. Also enjoying the delights of Cannes were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Tooth, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, who spend two or three weeks here each winter, and their eldest son Billy who was there for part of the time with them. That delightful and popular couple Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, who come out here each winter from their home in Sussex, were also at the Majestic as were Mrs. Pickering, her daughter Mrs. Benton-Jones, her granddaughter Miss Jill Benton-Jones. Mr. Robert Howard from Montreal was at the Carlton, and I met Mr. and Mrs. Guy Coleridge.

In the Casino, a favourite rendezvous before and after dinner, I saw Major and Mrs. Eric Loder, the Hon. Mrs. "Cardie" Montagu with Mrs. Sofer Whitburn who has a villa near Cannes, Sir Melvill and Lady Ward who also have a villa here, Mrs. Arpad Plesch from her fine villa at Beaulieu and her very attractive daughter Countess Bunny Esterhazy and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goldman who own that really magnificent villa, full of priceless furniture and *objets d'art*, the Domain de la Croix de Garde and its wonderful gardens, just above Cannes. To the dismay of their friends, who have enjoyed their hospitality and wonderful parties since pre-war days, the Goldmans are now contemplating selling the property. In contrast I was interested to hear of two new villas being built in this delightful part of the world. Firstly, what sounds a very luxurious one, which Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis is building with (I was told) a living-room more than sixty feet long near Golf-Juan. The second, in the same district, is being built by American Mr. Robert Coe, who was for some years at the American Embassy in London and later counsellor at the U.S. Embassy at The Hague.

So that I could spend a weekend in Switzerland on my way to Cannes, I took a round air ticket for my journey to the South of France.

This is always an advantageous way of travelling, as it usually works out at very little more than the direct return flight. I flew in every comfort by Swissair from London to Zurich, on the Monday, on from Geneva to Nice, and finally by B.E.A. back to London, a very comfortable journey in one of their Viscounts arriving right on schedule. While I was in Switzerland I stayed in the Bernese Oberland, four-thousand feet up at Wengen, which is one of those places to which English and other ski-ing enthusiasts return year after year, there to find all the same smiling and familiar faces. These included Mr. and Mrs. Karl Fuchs at the Eiger which adjoins the station, and is the first stop on arrival, as Karl Fuchs will quickly mark your card and tell you exactly who is in Wengen and where! Then there are Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Gertsch at their famous sports shop round the corner in the village street, Karl Molitor, the former world ski champion who also runs a very successful sports shop, and Frieda at her famous and spotlessly kept little bar at the other end of the village street. And so to the luxurious Palace Hotel where Mr. Fritz Borter and his son and charming daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fritzli Borter, are there to greet and look after their guests.

I had not been to Wengen for three years, and found many improvements, among them the road now diverted well below the Palace. This makes it much quieter at night and gives more space for the deck chairs and the outdoor bar before lunch, where guests can enjoy the sunshine when they are not on skis.

There is another great improvement, to avoid overcrowding at the little station for the Wengen-Mannlichen cable airway. The airway, which, was only put in a few years ago, takes skiers up the Mannlichen, over seven thousand feet, and has a delightful restaurant at the top. It has opened up superb new ski-ing facilities which, added to those existing, including the runs from the Lauberhorn, Schiedegg, Tschuggen and Wengern Alp, make Wengen a skiers' paradise. Besides going up the Mannlichen, I walked up to Mary's Hut and watched some of the skiers come past on the end of their runs from the other side, and found Mary looking just the same as she did even in pre-war days, and producing hot "Gluhwein," hot orange and other specialities.

Wengen, where the Downhill Only Ski Club is a very flourishing affair, is a wonderful place for young people to ski. The Club has splendid training schemes and really brings youngsters



Among the many distinguished visitors holidaying at Cannes recently were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, seen here at Les Ambassadeurs



Miss Karen-Marie Hosp and Mrs. V. Hosp had been looking at Miss Hosp's charming painting "Pot Plant"



Mr. Bernard Adams, the Hon. Secretary of the National Society, and Mrs. Kitty Belitoren looking at Mr. Adams's picture "To Evensong"



Desmond O'Neill
Mr. Michael Forgacs and Miss Clare Stephens standing in front of James Stroudley's painting of Holland Park

on to be first-class and to race successfully. Their members have been outstanding in the junior events this year, and have also done well in some of the senior races. The international women's race for the Duchess of Kent Cup had just taken place a few days before I arrived. There were twelve entries for this event, including two Spanish girls from Barcelona, two Austrian girls and two Swiss. It was won by the young British skier Miss Caroline Sims, a member of the D.H.O., who had also won the Lady Denman Cup for a downhill race at Mürren earlier in the season, and was second in the British Ladies' championships at Adelboden this year. Caroline, who is in her early twenties, also skis jumps, and is the only girl to attempt the "big" jump at Wengen, where she has made the effort of clearing over twenty-seven metres.

ANOTHER promising young member of the D.H.O., who as I left was expected to win the 32nd Wengen No Fall Championship for the Sunday Times Cup, but in fact only finished second to Robert Blenkinsop, is twenty-year-old Mr. Tim Ashburner who also ski-jumps and has attained thirty metres on the "big" jump. A nine-year-old who is showing great promise and already ski-ing extremely well is Lord Rothschild's nephew Charles Lane who is out here with his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Lane, who has taken a chalet at Wengen. When lessons are over each day, Charles gets on his skis and is off with his guide.

Among the many familiar faces in Wengen were the president of the D.H.O. Club, Mr. Christopher Mackintosh who skis from dawn to dusk when he is here. I also saw three former presidents, Brig. C. J. White who was the first president, accompanied by his wife, Sir Adrian Jarvis, a very popular personality among the Swiss who enjoy his great sense of fun, and Mr. Kenneth Foster whose wife and two sons, David and Jonathan, have also been in Wengen. Sir George Dowty, who is a keen curler, was out here with his attractive Canadian-born wife who was ski-ing very well. They plan to bring their two children next winter. Also here were Mr. Dick Edmonds and his fiancée Miss Sarah Merriman, who are marrying in May, Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith whose son Jim had been out, too, but had returned to school, Col. and Mrs. "Curley" Rogers and their son Tony, Mrs. Paul Hepworth, a vice-president of the D.H.O., who has done a lot to help the young members training and racing, Mrs. Richard Hensman who came over from Münster where her husband Lt.-Col. Richard Hensman is commanding his regiment, Mr. Philip Cutlack meeting many old friends in the curling world, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard Hankey and Mr. Dick Hollingsworth who has several very useful horses in training, and owns that good filly Ark Royal now at his Arches Hall stud.

Others enjoying Wengen were Mrs. William Darwin, the Hon. John Siddeley, the clever interior decorator, and his wife, ski-ing every day, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilligan, Lady Chamier who came over from Mürren, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ramus who were in a chalet, M. Roy Hounziger who during the war was secretary at the Swiss Legation in London, Mr. "Mouse" Cleaver ski-ing as brilliantly as ever, and Mrs. Frankie More O'Ferrall with the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken who brought out her small son and daughter who were quickly on the nursery slopes on their skis although only six and four years old! The Hon. Max Aitken, another vice-president of the D.H.O., was coming out to join them the following week.

From friends at nearby Grindelwald I heard that Queen Juliana of the Netherlands was there enjoying a winter sports holiday, with two of her daughters. After ski-ing one evening, the Queen and Princesses with their entourage of about fifteen enjoyed an excellent cabaret in the very amusingly decorated night club of the modern and luxurious Grand Hotel Regina at Grindelwald. Among guests staying in the Regina were Count and Countess Grespi who had come over from Rome. Countess Grespi, who is most attractive and very chic, is

American by birth, and before her marriage was Miss Consuela O'Connor. Other guests there included Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Nicholas from Melbourne who had come over from London, and Baroness de Stoesser who lives in Lausanne.

ON my return, I went for a short while to the reception given by the Nepalese Ambassador and Srimati Manandhar to celebrate the National Day of Nepal. This took place at the fine Nepalese Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, when guests filled the ground floor reception rooms overlooking the gardens. They included many members of the Diplomatic Corps, of both Houses of Parliament, and of the Nepalese colony in this country.

The High Commissioner for Pakistan was there with his wife, and I saw Princess Zeid al-Hussein, the charming wife of the Iraqi Ambassador, also Lady Cynthia Colville, Mrs. Christopher Soames, the Earl of Scarbrough and the Mayor of Kensington and his daughter Miss Lucy Fisher. Srimati Manandhar, who stood with her husband for over two hours greeting and then saying farewell to their guests, at this beautifully arranged party, made a charming picture wearing national costume with an exquisite sari.



AN ALPINE HOLIDAY. The Princess Royal is seen during her stay at St. Moritz, taking a walk in the sun. It was the Princess's first outing after an attack of influenza



Miss Jane Falkner dancing with Mr. Nigel S. Shaw, a student at the College

Farm students are hosts at West Country event

BINGHAM HALL, Cirencester, was the setting for a highly successful hunt ball held by the Royal Agricultural College Beagles. Over 450 guests and their friends attended, among whom were Lord Oxmantown, Lord Masham and Miss Sarah Bowater



Mr. David R. Gandolfo, Master of the College Beagles, Miss Joanna Mal... Miss Judith Colegrave and Mr. John S. Brigg, secretary of the Beagles



Miss Sarah Bowater, who came out last year, with Lord Oxmantown, eldest son of the Earl of Rosse



Miss Susan Sinclair dancing with Lord Masham, the Earl of Swinton's grandson



Miss Barbara Leonard with her brother, Mr. Roger Leonard, another College student



Miss Julie Lea, Mr. Ian Barnard, who hunts with the Vine, and Miss Angela Goodman



Mr. Stuart Bunker-Smith and Miss Elizabeth Wood were with Mrs. Anthony Fletcher



Mr. Andrew Norton, Miss Mavis Stewart, Miss Angela Richardson and Mr. Tim Butler



Above: Mrs. S. Kaplan, Mr. Anthony Blond, Mrs. K. Love, Mrs. Anthony Blond, Mr. Peter Blond, Mr. Julian Earl and Mr. K. Love all wore Elizabethan dresses from the opera *Gloriana*



Right: Dame Margot Fonteyn presents first prize for the best gentleman's costume to Mr. Alan Sievwright dressed as Bluebeard

Stars dress up for the Opera Ball

THE OPERA BALL in aid of the Opera School was held at the Dorchester. Many of the guests wore weird or beautiful costumes to represent characters from operas. At midnight there was a grand parade and the costumes were judged by Dame Margot Fonteyn, assisted by Mr. Oliver Messel and Mr. Michael Redgrave.



Mrs. Kenneth Snowman dances with her husband, who won second prize in the gentlemen's competition



The Duchess of Leeds and Mr. Ian Cameron both wore eighteenth-century dress at this colourful event



The Countess of Shrewsbury, a noted music-lover and patroness, with Mr. Anthony Besch, the opera producer



Van Hallan

Mr. Richard Buckle and the Countess of Harewood, who with her husband is one of the leading supporters of opera in this country



In wig and mask is Mrs. Russell Rumney. With her are Mr. and Mrs. Harry More-Gordon, in romantic nineteenth-century dress



Are women unclubbable?

By FELICIA LAMB

WHY are women's clubs a flop? More and more business women are working in London, and more and more of them are complaining that they need somewhere to lunch and meet friends. There are also plenty of women living in the outer suburbs who come up to London for the day and want a base for shopping and somewhere to change before going out in the evening. Yet only countrywomen still belong to clubs, and not so many of them any more. Even the Ladies' Carlton, once a citadel of clubwomen, political brand, is ending in its present form, and not with a bang but a whimper.

The reason given for this, and the demise of many others, is rising costs. A club is no use if it is not cheaper than a hotel, and most clubs were in large, often historic, houses that were expensive to run and staff.

I wonder if this is the real reason. Surely the woman's club as an imitation of the man's—with deep chairs and top-class food and impeccable servants bringing drinks on silver salvers—is as outdated as the first emancipated women who wanted them?

My great-grandmother helped to found one such; my grandmother and her sisters, my mother and her sisters all belonged to it. Now it is gone. After the war it looked at its diminishing members and tried to attract young women—with a cocktail bar. (This was one men were allowed to visit.)

The older members said the place was going to the dogs and younger ones that if they wanted to drink cocktails, they would do so in brighter, more convenient places. It was in "the heart of Mayfair"—a longish walk from any bus stop. When it finally gave up the struggle, the more fervent clubwomen among its members transferred to the Ladies' Carlton. The others subsided thankfully into the Curzon House Club, which is "cock and hen" and mainly residential, with no high ideals but a bridge circle and a reasonable restaurant. It fulfils a useful function and, even with a subscription of 15 guineas for London and suburban members, 11 guineas for country members and 7 guineas for those who just use it to play bridge, it is doing well.

"My school-age children find coming to dinner in Curzon Street so much more amusing than Grosvenor Street," said one of my relations, rather anxiously.

She is a countrywoman, and she is only using the place to save money. If the clubs want to do well, they must attract more



A HUGE PORTAL, itself suggestive of a more spacious past, frames a dying way of life, as a member stretches behind a newspaper inside the Ladies' Carlton. This is the latest women's club to face extinction

women who spend a lot of money in London—women like myself, who do not belong to any club.

I do not want to spend more time than I need hobnobbing with others of my profession. Men may feel happiest in the company of those who served in the same regiment, or fellow publishers or polo players. But women like to give their talents a chance to shine by appearing against a contrasting background. Were I a Lady Alpinist, it would not be the Ladies' Alpine I would join, but the most artistic establishment I could find, where my hobnailed boots and coils of rope piled in the Adam hall would attract some attention.

Such clubs as the Cowdray, founded mainly for nurses, and the Women's Press, for journalists, have had to open their doors wider and welcome members from allied trades.

Nor do I want to spend time with reminders of my past. Fortunately there is no Girls' Public Schools Club—no one who went to a girls' public school would dream of founding an institution that recalled the worst years of our lives. The University Women's is flourishing, but probably more because of its excellent facilities than because women graduates prefer each others' company.

What, then, would tempt me into a club? Not good food and drink; there's plenty of that to be found in restaurants and bars. Not historic pictures and books—there are plenty of libraries and art galleries. No, I would sacrifice all, even a beautiful decor and family-type retainers, for bathrooms.

If only there was somewhere in the centre of London where I could leave a dress in the morning and come back in the evening to find it ironed, have a bath and dress in comfort and then meet my friends! I would willingly pay for that, thinking of the money saved on taxis racing home to change and back again.

In the 1930s, there was a non-residential club called the British Typists' Club, where you could do just that and have cheap meals, too. But it has disappeared; probably the name killed it.

Perhaps the only place really conscious of what women need today is the ladies' wing of the Oxford and Cambridge Club in Pall Mall. Once you have been proposed and seconded by men members and paid your subscription (only 5 guineas a year) you have the run of the wing with its segregated entrance, drawing-room, bar, restaurant, bathrooms and somewhere where you can iron your dress (nobody does it for you). There are no bedrooms, but the wing thrives on London and suburban members, many young.

All this, of course, will seem wrong-minded to those who look on a woman's club as an unique institution, where like-minded

THE LADIES' CARLTON may yet be saved. Viscountess Davidson, M.P., is chairman of a committee seeking support for a proposal to continue the club in less expensive premises



people can get away from domesticity and meet to broaden their lives through discussions, groups for special interests or public service.

Their last stronghold is the Forum. Like the Ladies' Carlton, it once had palatial premises in Grosvenor Place, but is now living more quietly in Belgrave Square. Its original members were pioneer women, and its interests have always been cultural, social and non-political. Its famous co-founder, Miss Alice Williams, died last August, aged ninety-four, only a month after last having tea there. She would be happy to know that though many members find the dining-room and changing cubicles useful, the faithful majority still look to it for the club atmosphere of old.



A Meet of the South Berkshire Foxhounds



Left: Mr. N. W. Gardiner, joint-Master of the South Berks, with Brig. M. K. R. Colvin, O.B.E., T.D., W.R.A.C. Right: Mr. R. Phillips, joint-Master and huntsman arriving with hounds



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NAMES IN THE NEWS

Two new ambassadors have taken up office in London. Cambodia's Mr. Sam Sary (left) waits to enter the carriage which will take him to present his credentials to the Queen. Eire's representative, Mr. Hugh McCann, stands with Mrs. McCann (above) on the stairway of their residence in Grosvenor Place. Mr. and Mrs. McCann have four children

Sorry you've been troubled

by T. E. B. CLARKE

NEVER again shall I look at those *They Are Engaged* photographs in The TATLER without sparing a tender thought for that runner-up to the mother-in-law as a figure of unfeeling fun, the father of the bride.

All too recently—what a time to send the bill in!—I had the experience of sitting down at my desk resolved to forget my daughter's impending marriage for one hour of glorious, distracting work. . . .

BRR-BRR. . . .

You see what I mean? If the doorbell isn't ringing—why do parcels inevitably arrive when the breadwinner is the only person downstairs?—the telephone is demanding one's attention to questions only answerable after prolonged conferences with the leading players in the forthcoming. . . . BRR-BRR. . . . Oh, all right!

"Oh, how very nice. . . . No, I'm sure nobody's given them anything at all like that. . . . Yes, it's a splendid idea. They'll be delighted."

Hanging up, I glance belatedly at my daughter's "suggestion list" and see that very item scored out. Further delay for anxious self-interrogation.

Do I ring back before they go out and buy it? But perhaps they've got it already. Yes—or why did she emphasize that they *could* change it? Meaning they dared us to try and make 'em. . . . Oh, forget it—I have work to do. . . . BRR-BRR. . . .

"Hallo! . . . Who is it you want? . . . Oh, that'll be my daughter. It's not her name yet, but it will be next week. . . . What number? . . . No, this is 2183. . . . Yes, you have got the wrong number—but that is going to be my daughter's name!"

Not such a very common name, either. Extraordinary coincidence. I'd never get away with anything like that in one of my scripts.

Life is far too fanciful to lend itself freely to the writer of fiction. Take the case of actor Edward Chapman—after I've been to the front door. . . .

"A crate? Would you mind taking it round to the garage?"

All that straw. . . . I shall have a haystack for sale by the time this wedding's over.

To resume: Ted Chapman, playing golf at Sudbrooke Park last summer, holed out in one at the eighth. Celebrating his feat in the club-house, he heard a stranger exclaim: "Edward Chapman did the sixth in one!" Ted introduced himself, corrected the statement, and found himself regarded balefully as one trying to muscle in on another's glory. It turned out that a solicitor also named Edward Chapman had achieved the very same feat on the very same course the very same day.

Which almost rivals the classic Boguslavsky case. . . . BRR-BRR. . . . Excuse me, here we go again. . . .

"Speaking. . . . No, I'm afraid I can't describe her dress. . . . Hold on a minute—I believe there's a form she's filled up for the local paper. . . . You are the local paper?"

Ahoy! Will somebody please take this call?

Boguslavsky. . . . This was the name given by a dramatist to a character in a play he was writing. As the fictitious Boguslavsky was made to steal a Vermeer painting from the Louvre, the author took the precaution of looking in the telephone directory to make sure there was no living person with such an unlikely name.

To his surprise he found one, whereupon he changed the name of his character to Boguslovsky.

The play was published and performed in London. . . . BRR-BRR. . . . Would you mind?

"Who? . . . Oh, yes—you're the electricians. . . .

Roundabout



Mr. T. E. B. Clarke, screenwriter, made his name with Ealing comedies. His latest film, Rank's *A Tale Of Two Cities*, is now being shown



Sir Charles Wheeler, P.R.A., the sculptor, recently received the accolade of knighthood from the Queen. The bust is that of Lord Hives



Mr. Robert Lutyens, son of the late Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect, unveiled this portrait of two Greek children at a party in his Victoria studio. Once an architect himself, he became a painter four years ago

No, I'm afraid that's out of the question—it'll have to be Friday. . . . But then you can only put up the marquee on Thursday, so how could you possibly get it on Wednesday? . . . Well, I'm sorry, but there it is."

What was I saying? . . . The play was published and performed in London shortly before the last war. A year later, in Paris, a young artist was sent to prison for stealing a Watteau painting from the Louvre. His name was Boguslavsky.

BRR-BRR. . . .

"HAI, mother. . . . Cousin Lottie! Good heavens—no, we haven't seen her—we clean forgot. I haven't seen her for about twenty years. Have you got her address? . . . Yes. . . . What's the name of the place? . . . Harrietsham, Kent. . . . Yes, I've got it. Thanks, mother. So glad you remembered."

Harrietsham, Kent. Why is that name familiar? . . . Yes, I remember. A pub on the Folkestone road, an ex-colonel type still faithful to plus-fours. "Harrietsham has one claim to fame, sir. That is the only village where cricket was ever played on horseback."

He was right, too—I checked up on it. The game, which took place even in the last century, was organized by Sir Horatio Mann who combined the simultaneous enjoyment of his twin passions,

cricket and riding, with the aid of a dozen long-handled bats made specially to order.

Ten of these bats were used by the fieldsmen to return the ball. Fast bowlers galloped to the crease . . . BRR-BRR. . . . Slow bowlers trotted . . . BRR-BRR. . . . Back in a moment. . . .

"Yes? . . . Why, how very nice of you. . . . Yes, actually she has left a list here by the phone. Let me see now. . . . Well, nobody's yet given them a toast-rack. . . . But that's just the trouble! . . . No, really—she wouldn't think it a bit unimaginative. . . . I see. Well, I'm sure it'll be lovely. Thank you so much. See you on THE DAY."

ENTER the one I should have insured at birth against getting married.

"Who was that, Tibby?"

"Mrs. Milburn, wanting to know what you still need. I trotted out the toast-rack, but she thought it was a gag."

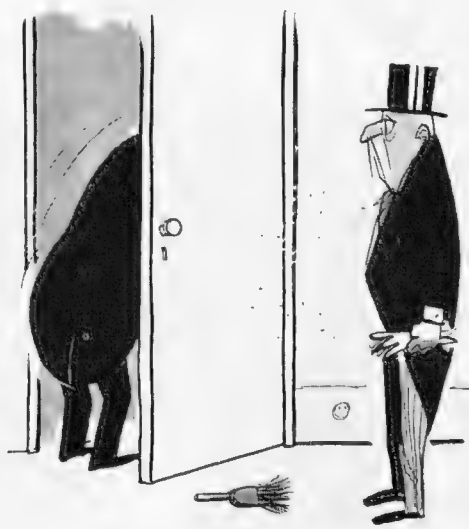
"Oh, damn! Why must people be so unconventional? We need a toast-rack desperately—and I know we're never going to get one."

Two whole minutes of peace at last. Let me see—what was I going to write about?

BRR-BRR. . . .



BRIGGS



by Graham

Beaglers danced in the heart of the New Forest

AVON TYRRELL, the former home of Lord Manners, who gave it to the nation, was the setting for the New Forest Beagles ball. Many neighbouring hunts sent parties and a record number of guests enjoyed this successful Hampshire gathering. A hunting horn competition was judged by Mr. Bryan Day, hunt Master



Mr. Michael Pettit, the hunt secretary, with the whipper-in, Mr. Richard Simpkins, and Miss Anne Paris



Mr. Edward Turner and Mrs. K. Harvey-Miller



Mr. Richard Rockett and Miss Sally Webster



Miss Florence Seaton with Mr. James Talbot

Mr. John Beal, Mr. Roger Priestley, Miss Betty Burt and Miss Tamsin Sharp



Mr. James Talbot and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Paris were enjoying the occasion



Mr. Peter Tipper, Miss Josephine Dillway and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Haynes



Victor Yorke

Playthings into ornaments

TOYMAKERS, who have been holding their annual fair at Brighton, find they have a new market among grown-ups. Such realistic models can be made from plastic kits that miniature cars, aeroplanes, and ships are being bought to decorate the mantelpiece instead of to amuse the children. Most of these scale models can be assembled and painted in a couple of evenings. One firm even provides a pack of special paints, and supplies such items as bumpers in a chromium like finish.

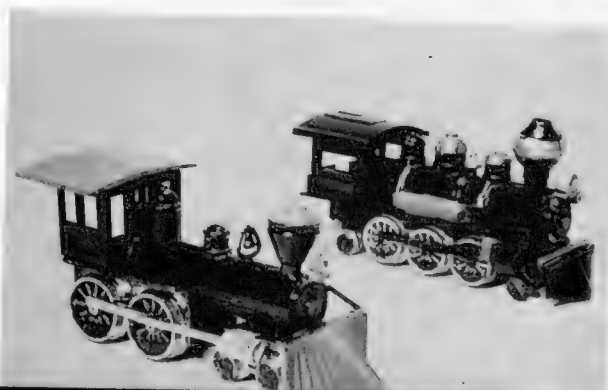
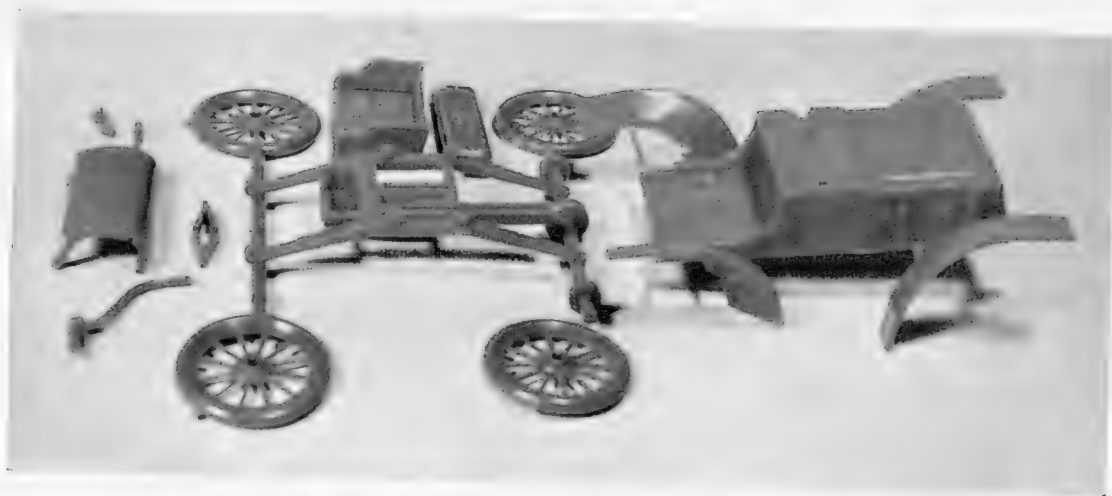
Veteran cars like the handsome couple in the top picture are the most popular type. These two are a Rolls-Royce, painted in rich chocolate with gay touches of yellow, and a Lanchester.

The parts from which the models are made are simple mouldings like those shown in the second picture. Fitted together and stuck with a special adhesive these particular ones produce a Merry Oldsmobile, of the type once famous in the popular song.

Aeroplanes, galleons, tankers and other models are preferred by some collectors. The plane shown is a naval type, a Fairey Gannet. It has counter-rotating airscrews, and the crew can be seen through the windows.

Details in the modern American Mercury (bottom) extend even to window handles inside the car, pedals on the floor, and raised script label ("Montclair") on the body. The bonnet lifts to reveal an accurate engine compartment.

The two American locomotives are part of a series of early steam trains. They are only a couple of inches long. The engine at the back is the Cabbage Stack, while that at the front is the General.



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Joan of Arc— warts and all

RATHER snootily someone said to me: "You don't go to many parties, do you?" To this I replied: "No. I'm not social minded." I then patiently tried to explain: "I see so many acquaintances at first nights (often), at the presentation of films (frequently), on varnishing days (now and then), at dress shows (only three times a year, I'm never here in July), at the circus (occasionally), at dog shows (rarely), and at boxing matches (more rarely still)! I don't need to meet them at parties!"

"But have you no friends?" asked my impertinent questioner. I thought of my quiet little flat where the two deep armchairs (for friends only) are so rarely unoccupied, of the little house on the Island where only those who shall be nameless are invited and I stared at the Creature with a vitriolic glare. "I have," I answered, "but they are nobody's business but mine own!"

Since Bernard Buffet has become such an obsession I am not quite honest when I write: "now and then" anent varnishing days. His seven great canvases (each is five metres by three), representing the life of Joan of Arc, are now to be seen at the David-Garnier gallery and we have, of course, seen them. There may not have been the same immense crowd as at the Galerie Charpentier for the retrospective show of his works a few weeks ago, but a duchess lost her little astrakhan pill box of a hat in the mêlée and it had not been found by the time I left.

Joan of Arc is an inspiring subject. The usual likes and dislikes of the Buffet manner were discussed. André Warnod was careful not to commit himself, but Philippe d'Erlanger warmly congratulated the artist on the minutiae of costumes and décor composing his imposing historical pageant. This time captious critics who complain of the artist's frigid greys and cold semi-tints are forced to admire the richness of his palette when he manipulates the deeper shades of crimson and scarlet with the decorative art of an illuminator.

I have the sneaking and disrespectful feeling that Bernard Buffet will always prefer the purple of the horse-butcher's stall to the joyful vermilion of the letter-box. I also found it difficult to believe in the gaunt woman that he would have us accept as the gentle visionary damsel of Doméry. President Antoine Pinay who was present seemed greatly impressed. It will be remembered that he is the minister who, for a time, managed to introduce a slight hint of austerity to this beautiful country. It is therefore comprehensible that Buffet's emaciated personages hold an appeal for him. I also saw Madame Jeanne Aubert, Suzy Solidor, M. André Siegfried and young Yves Saint-Laurent who is now known as the "little king" of the *haute couture*.

Another artist, Vincent Roux, opened his show on the same day as Bernard Buffet. The crowd was perhaps not quite so dense but it was a very happy one. Nobody tried to be clever. Roux and Buffet are the same age and are old friends. They are also neighbours for they both live near Aix en Provence but there the resemblance ceases. Roux

is a portraitist and exhibits pleasant studies of little Minou Drouet, Françoise Sagan and Gilbert Bécaud, the singer. He has just finished a charming portrait of Jacqueline Pagnol whose famous husband, Marcel Pagnol, describes Vincent Roux as "an artist who works in order to please rather than to astonish and whose greatest quality is charm."

Edith Piaf is back! Edith who, for two years, has not sung in Paris. She is at the Olympia. I do not often write about the music halls of *la ville lumière*; their bill of fare changes too often. When this appears in print Edith will have only six more days to run but six days mean almost a week and two of them, being Saturday and Sunday, make a weekend. Why does one always imagine that there are more visitors in Paris over the weekend than at any other time? Probably because places of entertainment are open on Sunday in France and do their closing on a weekday.

The Olympia stands on the corner of the rue Caumartin and the boulevard des Capucines midway between the Church of St. Madeleine and the Grand Opera House. The Alhambra, where there are excellent shows also, is at the other end of the *grands boulevards*, beyond the Place de la République; rather a long, long way to go but—and this indeed is an asset nowadays—there is plenty of parking place for cars when one gets there!

It is at the Alhambra that the Roland Petit ballet will be appearing from the 18th of February onwards, starring Zizi Jeanmaire (otherwise known as "Legs") as *première danseuse* with a song or so thrown in to make her admirers completely happy. There will be a line drawing of Roland Petit on the cover of the programme. Need I add that it will be signed Bernard Buffet?

On the richly glossy covers of the Olympia programme there are striking photographs of Edith Piaf but no B.B. portrait. The great little singer is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first public appearance and is no longer the infant prodigy that Louis Leplée, the owner of a then famous cabaret, found singing in the street—the rue Troyen to be exact—and started on her way to stardom. She is one of the tiniest entertainers I know and B.B. would probably see her as a gaunt giantess instead of the pocket Venus that she is. So tiny but with such an immense voice; a voice that can be heard from every seat in the biggest theatres and has packed the Salle Pleyel in Paris and the Carnegie Hall in New York.

The vast auditorium of the Olympia with its soaring balcony is no handbox and it is packed at every performance. On the gala first night one had the impression that the walls were bulging! The habitués gatecrashed their way in, whether holding tickets or not, with all the bland self-assurance that so often carries weight in Paris.

All the celebrities were present from little Minou Drouet, smart in her green velvet frock and lace collar, in the front row of the stalls, to Françoise Sagan who was sitting immediately behind her.

Edith Piaf's modernistic repertory is strong fare for a young child but Minou Drouet takes everything in her stride. With wide open eyes and serious little face she listened attentively and applauded with grave enthusiasm. I have no doubt that she will soon be writing lyrics for Piaf that will startle even Prévert.

A member of the audience who received a special round of applause when she arrived was Michèle Morgan. For the last few weeks she has gone through a gruelling experience over Cayatte's film, *Le Miroir à Deux Faces* in which she is first seen as a particularly ugly woman, who later becomes beautiful by the aid of plastic surgery. Her make-up for the first part of the picture was so painful that one rather dreaded to find the actress strained and overtired. It was reassuring to discover, *de visu*, that she is the same radiant star that we have always known.





Racehorses thunder round a bend on the snow-covered track during a race meeting at St. Moritz

Saddles and sleighs in the snows of St. Moritz

Mrs. Elisabeth Scrutton with Mr. Simon Eccles, a successful Cresta rider. He is the son of the President of the Board of Trade



Sir Gordon Vereker, former Ambassador to Uruguay, and Lady Vereker at the Corviglia Club. They live at Valbonne in the Alpes Maritimes



The Hon. Robin Dixon and Mr. Henry Taylor won second prize for junior bobslets in the European championships





"A TOUCH OF THE SUN" (Saville Theatre). Does devotion to duty bring greater rewards than the direct pursuit of wealth itself? Diana Wynyard (left), the wife of a dedicated schoolmaster, Michael Redgrave (centre), does not think so after a holiday spent with her wealthy relations on the Cote d'Azur. But in her husband, the easy life rouses fury, and a sense of guilt. His father, Ronald Squire, surveys life good-humouredly. Drawings by Glan Williams

THEATRE

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Mr. Hunter takes a crack at the idealists

IT is one thing to write a good play, another to get the play acted by a star cast in an illustrious theatre. Mr. N. C. Hunter brought off this difficult double feat with *Waters Of The Moon* and again with *A Day By The Sea*. *A Touch Of The Sun*, brilliantly acted at the Saville, will in all likelihood make the hat trick.

Mr. Hunter's own high standing with Fortune seems to have set him reflecting on the odd way she distributes her rewards. His subject this time is the awful fate of idealists who put their whole energy into a job which they passionately believe ought to be done. They hardly notice at the start how wretched the financial profits are. If they notice, they don't care: it is a job that has to be done. On they press, but as the years pass idealism somehow tends to seize up inside them, the passion, once so fresh and puissant, to get twisted into an obsession.

A time may come when they realize that they, and still more their wives and children, want the cash and the comfort which it has been the first object of the less high-minded to secure for themselves. At that time they will need all the fortitude they can muster to go on with their work and still more to go on believing in its value. A grim subject, but, as Mr. Hunter treats it, not so grim as it sounds. He mixes a great deal of comedy with a great deal of quite bearable pathos and he turns on the sentiment to open up a happy ending. What gives the happy ending its false ring is that we cannot help suspecting that Mr. Hunter, though he is pretending to sympathize with the hapless idealists, believes in his heart that they are fools not to have done their best to become rich and idle.

The second act—a highly diverting account of rich pleasant people entertaining poor relations at their villa on the Riviera—is the play's strong selling point, but the first act with its lively, well observed contrasts of character is the truest. Philip Lester has spent the best years of his life working in a school for backward boys. He has enjoyed the job; he has done it well; a lot of his pupils owe a decent start in life to him. But selfless dedication is always a perilous business: there are insidious diseases peculiar to it. Because Philip's admirable work is shockingly ill-paid he has gradually fallen into the way of thinking that all well-paid work necessarily involves a lower standard of moral values than his own. His son must willy-nilly become a schoolmaster, his daughter a nurse, and he blinks to the fact that his wife, once so pretty and so gay, is now so tired that she can hardly bear to make ready for their annual holiday at the inevitable "good old Ilfracombe." He can hardly help suspecting that his brother, who is in a big way of business, has helped himself along a little

ignobly by having managed to marry the daughter of an American millionaire.

Philip is played by Mr. Michael Redgrave. He is played with such imaginative expertness that we are not allowed to overlook something boyish, kindly and gallant in the character which the grindstone has not yet worn down into utter priggishness. It is an intense inner struggle which is throwing up to the surface the unlikeable traits in the man. In a moment of weakness Philip accepts his brother's offer of a holiday for himself and his family in the French sunshine. The result is comically and at the same time touchingly to expose the moral pretensions of generous idealists.

His children naturally revel in the free and easy luxury of it all. His wife comes to a new flowering in the tranquillity she discovers in civilized idleness and stirs the tender interest of a rich idler who has retained his sensibility. But on Philip himself the champagne, the sunshine, the idleness, the easy gaiety have an ossifying effect. Every attempt of the high-powered American hostess to rally his spirits reveals only more clearly the self-righteous equalitarian, the priggish pedagogue that the idealist has become.

When he is invited to play the fool harmlessly, he behaves like a sulky child. He ends up by insulting an amiably generous host who has been proudly ready to accept the idea that he is the twentieth-century Neanderthal Man, grabbing for dollars as his progenitor grabbed for bones, but still has feelings to be hurt by a gross breach of manners. The unhappy Philip makes this ugly scene the opportunity to break up the holiday, but he is becoming agonizingly aware that his resentment of the light-minded way in which the family have surrendered to the holiday spirit of the place springs, not from a moral condemnation of the idle rich, but from an ungovernable jealousy of their good fortune. But superb acting saves the characters from exhibiting outright unpleasantness.

Miss Diana Wynyard, charmingly, is the briefly flowering wife and, touchingly, carries most of the emotional burden of the succeeding act in which the author tries not altogether persuasively to restore to the idealists their battered self-respect. Mr. David Langton makes pleasantly plausible the sincerity of the wife's would-be lover; Miss Louise Allbritton happily hits off the typical rich American hostess; and Mr. Ronald Squire as the schoolmaster's embarrassing father is a deliciously seedy old voluptuary, whose words of advice rarely clash with his own particular line of comfort.



Louise Allbritton is the American sister-in-law for whom riches are essential

An American verse drama for London

THE AMERICAN dramatist Mr. Marc Connelly's verse drama *Hunter's Moon* is due to open at the Winter Garden tonight. The principal character is David, a professor, David Gardner (above, left), who takes over management of the family estate. Flying across it he crashes in a settlement that seems to be two hundred years old. Here he temporarily deserts his fiancée, Elizabeth London (above)

Houston Rogers



ON THE VAST ESTATE there is, in fact, such an old-time settlement, artificially created. But is the village into which David has fallen real or imaginary? Right: Sebastian Shaw inhabits this world as a leading citizen and artist, while Leslie Nunnerley is the village girl with whom David falls in love. The play, described as a "pleasantry," has not yet been seen in New York

The Bullingdon Club meeting

OXFORD UNIVERSITY'S BULLINGDON CLUB held its point-to-point, traditionally the first of the season, at Crowell in Oxfordshire. Large crowds saw some exciting racing in sunny weather. There was a record number of entries for the races, and the Open had to be run in two divisions. Two of the events were restricted to members or ex-members of Oxford University, and a considerable gathering of undergraduates was present



The Hon. Katie James, daughter of Lord Northbourne, and Mr. Constantine Mano watching the President's Cup Race



Mr. A. Merrick, Mr. R. Cooper, Miss J. Cooper, Mrs. R. Cooper and Mrs. F. A. Cooper in the paddock before Division I of the Open Race



Mr. E. S. Cazalet, M.H., won the President's Cup Ginger Biscuit. Here he returns to the unsaddling enclosure



Mr. P. S. Paine and the Hon. M. Hely-Hutchinson, second and third in a race, leave the unsaddling enclosure



Miss Geraldine McEnnery, Miss C. M. Pretymann, and the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham-Quin watch the runners parade for the second race



Mrs. E. T. Hall, Mr. Sally Hambro, who is and Lady Hambro



Mr. A. D. Loehnis, a member of the committee, and Miss Caroline Dowding study their race card



Miss Virginia Gaselee, whose father is Master of the West Kent, with Mr. Hugo Vivian Smith, a committee member

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Mr. Colin Thompson and Miss Rosemary Edwards watch the runners go down for the Ladies' Race



London Club) on
picture



Mr. D. Masters on Gallant Gale leads the field over the second fence in the First Division of the Open Race



Stanier and Miss
Hayes of Sir Charles



Mrs. F. J. Stanier, Mr. D. Smith, the jockey, and Major F. Hayes, the owner, watch The Border prepare for the Open



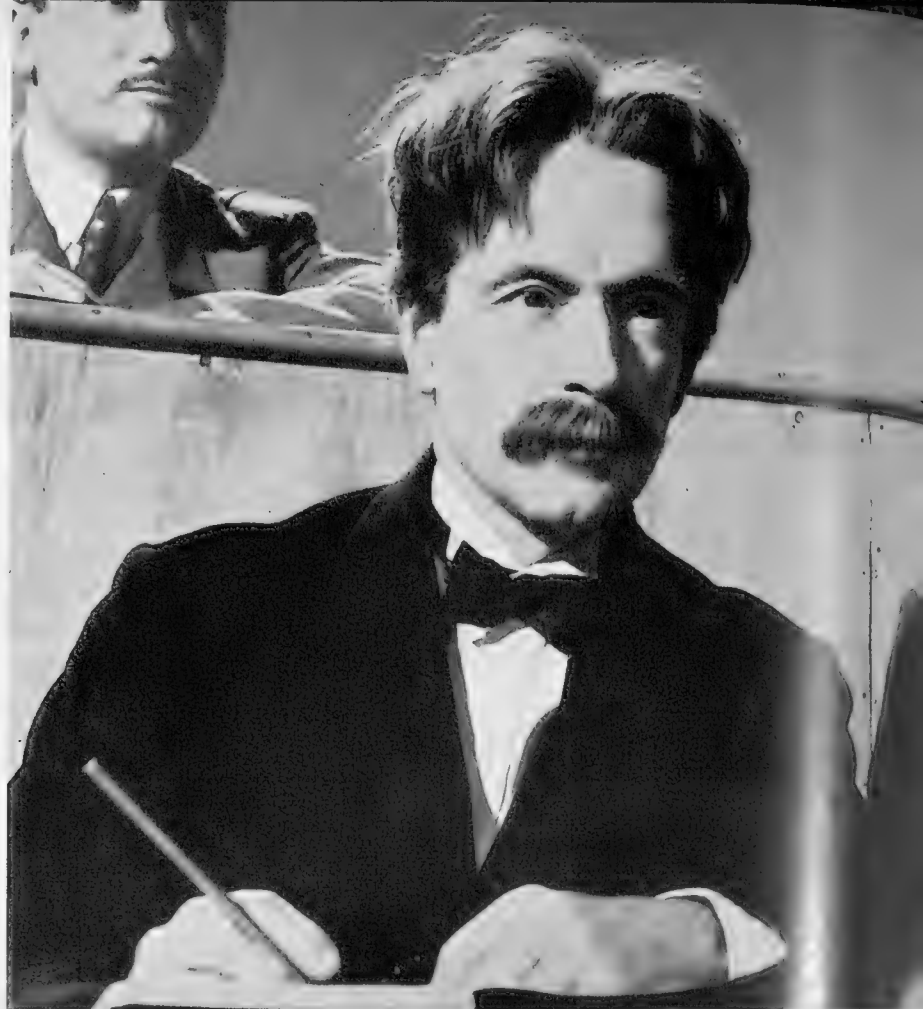
Miss E. Hayes and Major F. Hayes who rode his Metal Man in the First Division of the Open Race

SCHWEITZER AS A YOUNG MAN is portrayed by Pierre Fresnay (right), whose appearance and bearing resemble the famous medical missionary to a remarkable extent

CINEMA

A dash of Schweitzer —but lukewarm

ELSPETH GRANT



DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER was born in 1875 and, at eighty-three, he is still carrying on his humanitarian work in French Equatorial Africa. It seemed to me incredible that a ninety-two minute film could cover the whole of so long and full a life: *The Story Of Dr. Schweitzer*, directed by M. André Haguët, does not, in fact, attempt to do so. It ends with the outbreak of World War One in 1914—leaving us, and the Doctor, with forty-four years yet to go.

It was in 1903 that Pastor Schweitzer, as he then was, first determined to dedicate himself to the care of "the most disinherited of all men"—the natives of France's equatorial possessions in Africa. To fit himself for the task he studied for eight years at the Medical College, Strasbourg—and to raise funds for his project he travelled all over Europe giving organ recitals: he was, it appears, a virtuoso on the instrument. With some assistance from the Evangelical Missions of Paris, and accompanied by one young nurse, Dr. Schweitzer set sail for Africa in 1912 and made his way to the steamy jungle settlement of Lambaréné.

It is a fault in the film that the hardships he endured in his first two years there are never fully brought out: perhaps it is that Dr. Schweitzer, as played by M. Pierre Fresnay, takes them in his stride as if he never even noticed them. To convert an old henhouse into a hospital with his own hands is all in the day's work for M. Fresnay—and when called upon to perform an abdominal operation on a native chief's son, he does so without a flicker of anxiety, though his own life depends upon a successful outcome and he only has a first-aid kit at his disposal.

He suffers no real setback until news comes to Lambaréné that war has been declared in Europe: born in Alsace, the doctor is regarded by the French authorities as an undesirable alien—a German. The natives, somehow scenting trouble and egged on by their witch doctors, turn against him—looting his stores, drinking themselves demented on surgical spirit, and giving him a

moment of doubt and despair about the value of his work.

The authorities go one better: they arrest him—and his hospital is closed down. As he is led away by two French officers, M. Fresnay wearily comments that in arresting him they are liberating the real enemies—malaria, leprosy and yellow fever. More in sorrow than in anger, he faces deportation: we who know that Dr. Schweitzer was destined to return to Lambaréné are able, I regret to say, to accept the situation without experiencing much of either emotion.

The film is strangely unmoving. M. Fresnay's Dr. Schweitzer is a good, religious, dedicated and humourless man, so confident of the *rightness* of everything he does that he forfeits our sympathy and must make do with our interest. The romance between the young, self-sacrificing nurse (wanly played by Mlle. Jeanne Moreau) and one of the resident French officers (M. André Valmy) is too nebulous to have any significance, and all the players are somewhat handicapped by dubbed English dialogue.

As a preliminary sketch for a full-length portrait of a remarkable man, the picture is not without validity—but I confess that what I enjoyed most about it was the glorious organ music, superbly played for M. Fresnay by M. Marcel Dupré.



ARMCHAIR SAILORS engaged in paper war on a Pacific island come under satirical fire in *Don't Go Near The Water*, starring the American TV comic Keenan Wynn. The cast includes Glenn Ford, star of *Cowboy*, who is seen above with Anne Francis

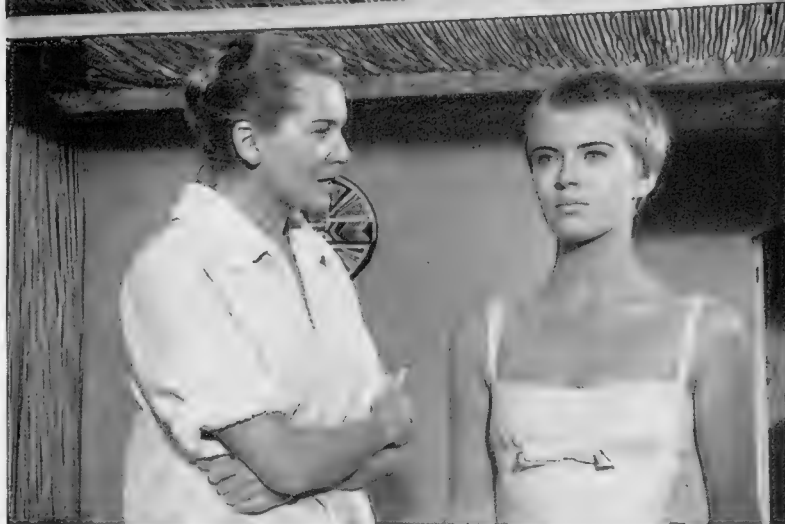
BASED on the novel by Mr. William Brinkley, *Don't Go Near The Water* takes a good-natured swipe at the Public Relations section of the U.S. Navy—the chairbound chaps, armed with typewriters and lively imaginations, who told the world about the Navy but never went to sea. Commanding a group of these fellows, luxuriously stationed on the beautiful Pacific island of Tulura during World War Two, is Mr. Fred Clark—who couldn't tell a sextant from a sexton.

Mr. Glenn Ford, a lieutenant who has actually seen active service, is largely engaged in rectifying blunders made by his solid-ivory-domed superior officer: it is, for instance, Mr. Ford who has to groom for a publicity campaign a hulking, foul-mouthed illiterate (Mr.

Coming shortly

A LOOK AT NEW PRODUCTIONS

FRANCOISE SAGAN'S versatile talents now range to the cinema and to the ballet *Broken Date*, which opened in London last week. Her sensationally successful first novel, *Bonjour Tristesse*, has been filmed with a cast that includes Deborah Kerr, Jean Seberg (top) and David Niven



THE RETREAT from Dunkirk is told with grim realism in *Dunkirk*, which will have a royal premiere on March 20. John Mills, Bernard Lee and Sean Barratt (right) are seen in a shot of the beaches



THE SMASH-HIT MUSICAL *South Pacific*, which had long runs in New York and London, now comes to the screen. Mitzi Gaynor (below) plays the irrepressible nurse, a part that was created on the stage by the bubbling Mary Martin



A SUCCESSFUL TV SERIAL, *The Trollenberg Terror*, has now been filmed. This science-fiction thriller is set in mountain scenery where horrific unknown forces bring panic in their train. The cast includes Warren Mitchell, Andrew Faulds and Forrest Tucker (bottom)



Mickey Shaughnessy) whom Mr. Clark has selected as "the ideal Navy type." (This is a very funny sequence—with blisters on the soundtrack discreetly masking the choicer words in Mr. Shaughnessy's vocabulary.)

Though he is kept pretty busy, Mr. Ford finds time to fall in love with an indigenous schoolmistress (enchanting Miss Gia Scala) and to foster, entirely against regulations, an affair between a decent, diffident yeoman (Mr. Earl Holliman) and a sophisticated but seducible nurse (Miss Anne Francis) who ranks as an officer. (Demachracy at work!)

Mr. Keenan Wynn and Miss Eva Gabor appear as war correspondents—he cocky and credible, she unbelievable but utterly unabashed. Mr. Charles Walters has directed this light-hearted picture most ably: the slapstick sequences—in which Mr. Clark supervises the building of an officers' club by totally unskilled labour—are the best I have seen since the heyday of the good old silent comedies. This is high praise, but I believe Mr. Walters's efforts justify it. One thinks of how scornfully slapstick used to be regarded. Now, faced with so much cinematic bloodlessness, it takes on for us, when well done, the rich savour of Shakespearean comedy.

I think it was a mistake in a film of such levity to introduce (as Mr. Walters does towards the end) authentic shots from the U.S. Navy's official photographic records of destroyers going into action—off Okinawa, I believe, where so many lives were lost. They surely have no place in a film intended, as is this one, for amusement only.

THAT the U.S. Navy official photographers risked death (as, indeed, our own did) in the course of their duties is proved by *Victory At Sea*—a grimly impressive, ninety-five minute documentary showing how the last war was fought on, over and under the sea. A good deal of the battle footage, shot by Allied and enemy cameramen, was until recently marked "Top Secret," we are told—and I can well believe it.

The sinking of Allied merchant ships, in convoy on the Atlantic, is shown as filmed from a German submarine: as one vessel capsizes, figures can be seen clambering along the upturned keel—then there is a terrific explosion and they are gone. No less horrifying is the return of U.S. planes to an aircraft carrier: every one of them crashes on landing. The commentary is overwritten in the American style ("the toil and the terror that make Guadalcanal not a name but an emotion") but is well delivered by Mr. Alexander Sourby. An unforgettable film.



A BLACK RHINO with calf, from *Way Of The V* introduced by C. T. As Maberley (Allen & Un 42s.). These superb pict of African bush and ju life show nature at rawest, but also at its beautiful and impo

SIR LAWRENCE JONES'S **Georgian Afternoon** (Rupert Hart-Davis, 21s.) is the third volume in a series of reminiscences—*A Victorian Boyhood*, then *An Edwardian Youth* preceded it. On the strength of those two, Sir Lawrence is recognized as having a specially human place in literature. His writing is not so much nostalgic as, in the liveliest sense, evocative. This time, his power to return life to vanished faces and places is not less: his latest book is unlike the others only in its form; each of its nine chapters, as the publisher puts it, "epitomizes some activity or enthusiasm of his middle years."

"The Villain," for instance, describes with demure satire the author's introduction to business life; farther on, the City and high finance with its esoteric mysteries are depicted under the heading "Rexinger." "Boots and Breeches," experiences as a Yeomanry officer in World War One, embodies the splendours, and obstinacies, of the now so-called "cavalry mentality," and holds engaging portraits of brother officers.

THERE follows "Kriegsgefangener," a dire account of what was endured by a wounded prisoner of war, in German hands, early in 1918. Sir Lawrence is sound, and not falsely pious, on the subject of suffering: he cannot, he says, honestly credit his character with any improvement due to such suffering as he had to put up with—"I shall never prescribe suffering for the good

BOOK REVIEWS

Magic in the middle distance

ELIZABETH BOWEN

of any living soul." There will be many to agree with him. "Beaulieu" has for its subject a dream come true, though *not* under the circumstances envisaged! Peace, liberty, reunion with his wife and the happier stages of convalescence had as setting the flowery Côte d'Azur—thanks to a benefactress whom, he feels, his unsociability disappointed. The high point of *Georgian Afternoon* is, to me, "Glenlochay," a splendid chapter on deer-stalking, which recalls a martinet host (the out-of-the-ordinary "Laird") and the pitfalls besetting Glenlochay guests—comedy once more, very delightful. "Return to Norfolk," with its pleasures and problems, strikes perhaps the most personal note of all.

In ways, Sir Lawrence's experiences correspond with those of his class and his generation; to whom *Georgian Afternoon* cannot, therefore, fail to appeal strongly. But there are flashes of

London diplomats put on their own art exhibition

Lady Melchett, Mrs. Anthony Kinsman and Mr. Brion Gysin von Liestal, the artist, at Leighton House, near Holland Park, Kensington



Senor Don Marco Eduardo Capurro, Second Secretary of the Uruguayan Embassy, with his wife, whose portrait he had painted



The French Ambassador, M. Jean Chauvel, Mme. Chauvel and Prince Tiao Khamphan, the Laotian Ambassador



independence, too, a streak of impishness, unique wisdom, which give this book a flavour completely its own.

THE novel by Elaine Dundy, **The Dud Avocado** (Gollancz, 15s.), is sub-titled "The Vie Amoureuse of Sally Jay in Paris." The author, we are given to understand, is not responsible for the sub-title. This is about a young American girl, aged twenty, born in distant St. Louis, tottering around the Left Bank, with occasional incursions into the Ritz bar. Most of us probably know poor Sally by sight, in one if not the other of those Paris *locales*; and if you wish to know more of her here's the story, related breathlessly by herself. Sally's loquacity seems endless; so do the boys she takes up with (chiefly American, but for one wicked Italian diplomat), the dives, the drunks, the days after.

Paris hit Sally, and hard, and she tells us how. This book could be better, and funny, if it were shorter: as it was, I toiled somewhat unsmilingly through its many pages. There is pathos, inadvertent or not, but the unlucky young creature exhausts one's sympathies. The moral would seem to be, American uncles should not give their nieces money to roam around with. Many people, I find, are entranced by Sally; so do not allow me to put you off her—my sense of humour may have had an off day.

JOHN BOWEN's novel, **After The Rain** (Faber, 15s.), is a terrifying work of imagination. An amateur rainmaker, first met in the basement of a well-known Charing Cross Road second-hand book store, succeeds too well in a final Texas experiment: Mr. Uppingham causes a second Flood.

The hero, in charge of his friend's wife, begins by paddling a dinghy from enislanded Highgate, over the watery wastes of submerged England, to a peak in Somerset which sounds hopeful. The hopes prove vain. Poor Wendy, the friend's wife, fails to stay the course; however, her place in the dinghy is filled by Sonya—former dancer, met floating on a piano.

Sea and land being now more or less the same, hero and Sonya pad their way at random. They hail, and join, the inhabitants of a luxury raft, which had set out (before the disaster threatened) as a world-stunt advertisement for a patent breakfast-food. The raft party is dominated by fearful Arthur, who as works go on declares himself to be God—the rain does stop, but worse is to follow. I did not enjoy the discursive end quite so much as the quick-moving beginning; but this is not a book to miss.

THE best novel of Janet McNeill, Ulster author of *A Child In The House*, is **A Furnished Room** (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.). The domestic interior, with its muffled drama, is, again, wonderfully well built up. In an oldish house in a terrace outside Belfast, overlooking the Lough, live Andrew Bennett, middle-aged master at the nearby school, his girlish second wife Kate, and their infant son—the large closed top room has, however, yet



Clayton Evans

MISS AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP, whose new novel, *I Thank A Fool* (13s. 6d.), will be published by Collins next week. Miss Lindop is married to Mr. Dudley Leslie, the playwright and scriptwriter. She is widely travelled, having spent her early years in the East

another inhabitant: here seems enshrined Helen, Andrew's brilliant first wife who had died suddenly.

This is no tale of "hauntedness" in the exact sense; Helen's hold on the living is something other. She continues to claim an undue portion of Andrew's love, and poor young Kate, try as she may, cannot shake off a hopeless inferiority. Kate, suddenly daring, lets the top room to a hitherto-unknown spinster: Miss Whittaker's secretive comings and goings, then unexplained absolute disappearance, are to prove hardly less worrying than the shade of Helen. Yet in coping, together, with the Whittaker problem the Bennetts find one another, and happiness.

and Dame Margot Fonteyn goes along to open it

Mr. Henry Tiarks, banker, and Mrs. Marie Louise Arnold, secretary of the Hispanic Council, Canning House, Belgrave Square

Dame Margot Fonteyn, wife of the Panamanian Ambassador, opened the exhibition. It was in aid of the "Save the Children" fund

Miss Evelyn Prebensen, the daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador, doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique, was with the Princess of Berar



The challenge from Italy



Shorter skirts, flowing lines
and blazing colour
jolt high fashion
in Paris and London



Michel Molinare

FONTANA of Rome brings back the fashionable handkerchief points of the twenties. (*Opposite page.*) Her dress made of flower-printed cotton faced with white pique has appliqued motifs of the print, outlining the reverse of the skirt

ROBERTO CAPUCCI of Rome drapes cascades of flowered chiffon over a shorter-than-ever chemise (*left*), is as prodigious with the backs of his dresses as the front. This dress will later be at Debenham & Freebody

JOLE VENEZIANI of Milan maintains the flowing line (*above*) in fondant pink chiffon. Again the chemise, here with the restricted hemline seen in so many of the Italian Collections, offsetting the gigantic rose in the self-same chiffon

Photographed at the Bellini Galleries
at the Palazzo Soderini, Florence

A designing woman

Italy's leading woman designer is Simonetta. She showed skirts as short as those seen in the collection of her husband, Fabiani. She emphasized a high bust line with bows, always chose fullness in her late-day skirts, used few trimmings and even less embroidery. Her favourite materials: chiffon, paper taffeta, heavy wild silks and "light" wools

Left: A suit in lightweight oatmeal wool, with skirt tight-fitting and almost showing the knee, a jacket hem curving to the back, sleeves seven-eighths, and off-the-face hat, giving height

Below left: Heavy black silk coat with fly-fastening and dropped waistline. The below-the-waist fullness indicates Simonetta's line—also the collarless neckline and three-quarter cuffed sleeves, the bow stressing the long line

Below: Chemise dress softened with envelope folds falling from a barely indicated bustline. The dress has the same treatment back and front. Note the T-strapped shoes and bow top-knot





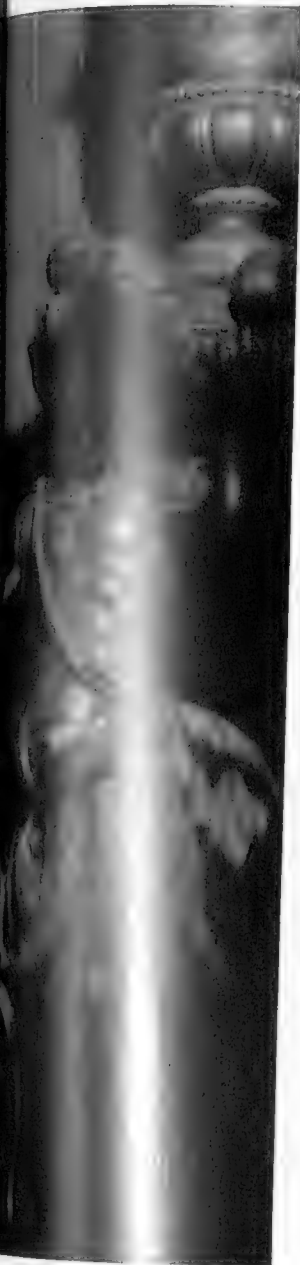
Michel Molinare

Simonetta's Cupola line, in fondant pink satin, billows into a tightened hemline. Back is loose, unrestricted, billowing, with again a bow to indicate the bustline. The location: a trattoria in the hills above Florence



A rough-textured nylon mohair called Kilcardie (made by Ascher of London) is used by Fabiani of Rome throughout his collection. In tobacco brown (*left*) for this sheath dress, intricately cut, deceptively simple, with fringed wool sleeve ends

The smooth



Michel Molinare

Kilcardie is also used by Roberto Capucci of Rome (*centre*), the whole outfit in rose geranium. The skin-tight skirt, the sleeveless chiffon blouse, and the short, collarless, uncluttered coat worn over a typical Italian soft chiffon blouse

Heather mixture tweed is used (*right*) by Bararta of Rome in a suit typical of his more moderate but nevertheless excellent collection. He maintains a conservative line, puts his skirts only 16 in. from the ground instead of the startling $17\frac{1}{2}$ of his rivals

Italian touch with rough textures



John Adriaan

Beige, in all its attractive possibilities, proves to be the season's shade in both France and Italy. Even if it is hard on cleaner's bills it always looks expensive. But—and an important “but”—all the accessories must tone; there are no half-way measures.

See (above) mushroom suede shoes and gloves in washable matching cape, with a scarf in creams, browns and tans.

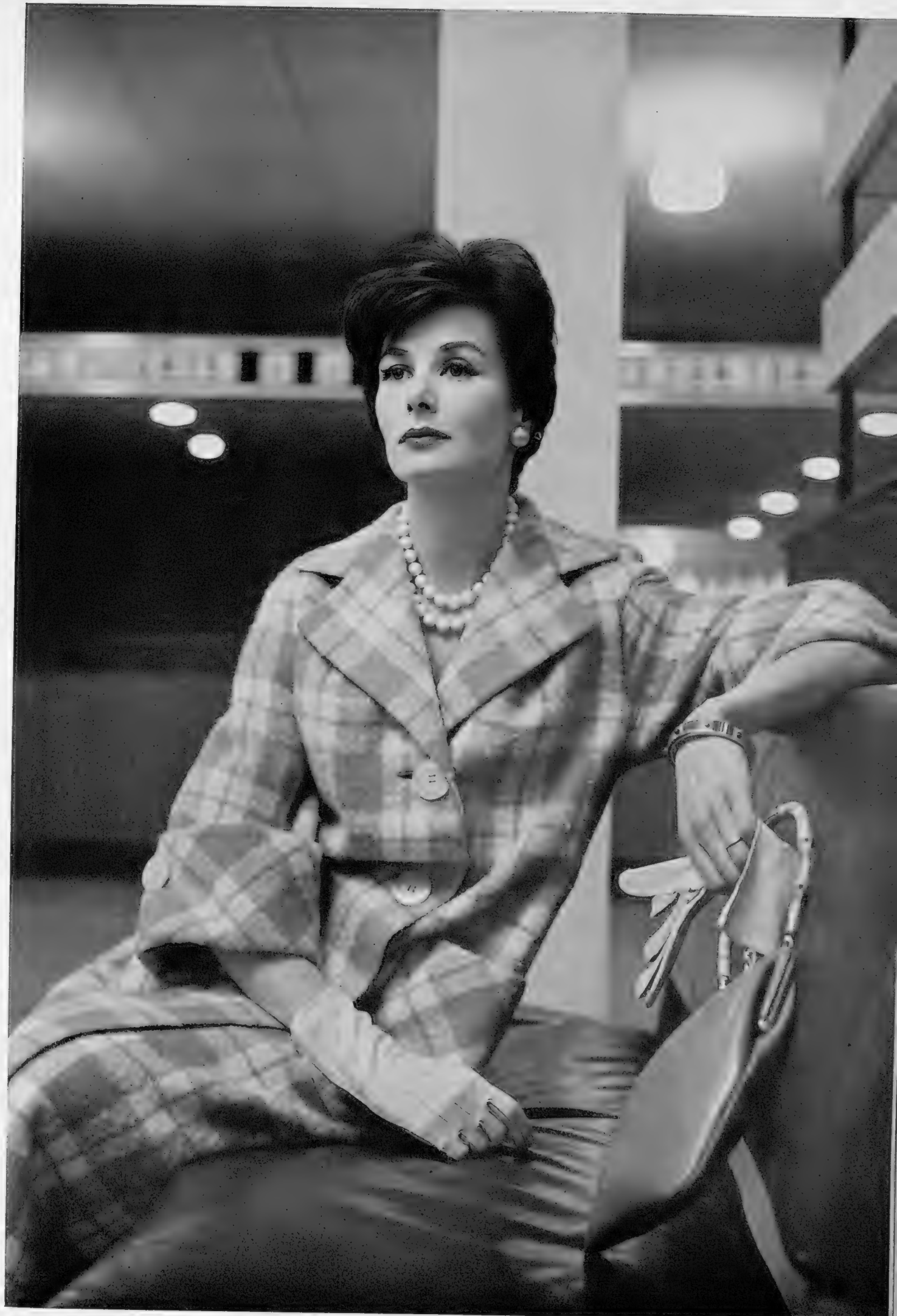
The cream suit (right), with three-quarter length jacket and sleek skirt, costs 15 gns. The London Pride blouse worn with it is made of printed lawn in tones of orange, tan and white. Cost 49s. 6d.

Opposite: Beige and natural-check wool-and-mohair coat which costs 14½ gns. With it a dark coffee leather handbag with bamboo handle (57s. 6d.). All the merchandise shown here can be bought at Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus

Cafe-au-lait colour for today



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK





The "Ruby" tea service by Royal Worcester comprises thirty-nine pieces and costs £73 9s. 9d. The matching teapot, which displays a pleasing combination of traditional and modern design, is £21 17s. Harrods



This Royal Doulton earthenware tea service for six people consists of twenty-one pieces and is called "Spindrift," price £4 19s. 6d. A dinner set in the same design, twenty-five pieces, costs £10 19s. at leading stores



This bone china dinner set by Royal Doulton (left) is called "Monteigne." It is of twenty-five pieces, and the price is £44 3s. 6d. A twenty-one piece tea set in the same design, for six people, costs £20 0s. 11d., at leading stores

SHOPPING DATE

Masterpieces of English craft



great



Dennis Smith

As an ornament or in use, this Minton china bowl, with its golden roses, embodies all that is best in the English tradition of fine china. It costs £24 7s. 6d. and it may be had from Harrods, Knightsbridge



Above: A new line comes to Minton china with this "Twilight" dinner set which consists of forty-eight pieces and which costs £91 12s. 3d. obtainable at Harrods

On the left are a coffee pot, milk jug, sugar bowl and cup from the twenty-eight piece Spode coffee service with Audubon Birds design. This service costs £26 19s. 6d. and comes from Fortnum & Mason



This "Melrose" bone china dinner set by Royal Doulton has twenty-five pieces, costs £38 18s. A tea set of the same design for six costs £16 13s. 3d. at leading stores

BEAUTY

First steps towards saving your skin

JEAN CLELAND



THE CARE of the complexion is so important that an occasional visit to experts on it should be routine. Many makers of toilet preparations have a salon where you can learn, from the people who know, how to get and keep an enviable bloom on your cheek. Among the best of these is Yardley's, the correct use of some of whose products we show

Top: After washing with lukewarm water and mild soap, the skin should be deep-cleansed with a good cream such as Yardley dry skin cleansing cream or, for more oily skins, their liquefying cleansing cream

Far left: Regular massage with Yardley's night cream will replace the skin's natural oils and strengthen the flow of blood to the surface. It should be used every night on dry skins, three times a week on other types

Left: Evening beauty treatment should end with a brisk toning. Pat in Yardley skin-freshener on a pad of cotton-wool previously squeezed in cold water; for an oily skin Yardley's astringent lotion should be used

Bottom left: A non-drying liquid cream, such as Yardley feather foundation, is suitable for most skin types. The foundation, available in five shades, is dotted on, then carefully smoothed over the whole surface

Bottom centre: After applying rouge and eye-shadow if desired, choose a powder to match your own colouring and press it lavishly all over face and throat, dusting off the surplus. Yardley face powders come in ten shades

Below: For lipstick, choose a shade which tones with your natural colouring and with the clothes you are to wear; pink and bluey reds show up best at night. Outline with a brush, blot in the colour, then blot





Yevonde

Miss Diedre Gilmore, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. C. C. Gilmore, of Westover Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia, U.S.A., late of Shanghai, is to marry Lt.-Cdr. Peter Lindsey Keighly-Peach, D.S.O., R.N., son of Capt. L. Keighly-Peach, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N., of Diss, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. V. B. Keighly-Peach



The Hon. Elizabeth Angela Veronica Rose Nall-Cain, only daughter of Lord and Lady Bocket, of Bocket Hall, Welwyn, Herts, is seen with her fiancé, Thomas Geoffrey Charles Michael, Earl of Bective, son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, of Headfort House, Kells, Co. Meath, Ireland

They are engaged



Vandyk

Miss Judith Ann Margaret Anderson, younger daughter of Mr. L. F. Anderson, and step-daughter of Mrs. Anderson, of Pines Avenue, Worthing, is to marry Dr. Anthony John Chetwynd Balfour, only son of the Hon. H. R. C. and Mrs. Balfour, of Newbury. Berks



Norton-Pratt

Miss Jeanette Greenlees, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Greenlees, of Elliston House, Howwood, Renfrewshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Archie Gilchrist, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Gilchrist, of High Craigton, By Milngavie, Dumbartonshire



Fayer

Miss Rosalind Louise Paget, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Paget, of East Kennett Manor, Marlborough, Wiltshire, is to marry Dr. Clive Bremner Cameron, elder son of Major C. R. Cameron, Imperial War Graves Commission, Cairo, and the late Mrs. Cameron



Duff—Hardy. Mr. Alistair David Buchanan Kerr Duff, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Kerr Duff, of Ramsay Garden, Edinburgh, married Miss Cynthia Mary Hardy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice S. Hardy, of Cleughhead, Annan, Dumfriesshire, at Bridekirk Parish Church, Annan

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Charrington—Rolleston. Mr. Edward d'Albiac Charrington, younger son of Sir John and Lady Charrington, of Tifters Farm, Charlwood, Surrey, married Miss Sara Joy Rolleston, daughter of Col. and Mrs. W. L. Rolleston, of Beaulieu, Hants, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Chatfield—Jackson. Mr. Philip Chatfield, son of Mr. James Chatfield, of Chamberlayne Road, Eastleigh, Hants, and the late Mrs. Chatfield, married Miss Rowena Jackson, daughter of Mrs. Lilian Jackson, of Grove End Gardens, N.W.8, and the late Mr. W. L. Jackson, at Marylebone Presbyterian Church, George Street

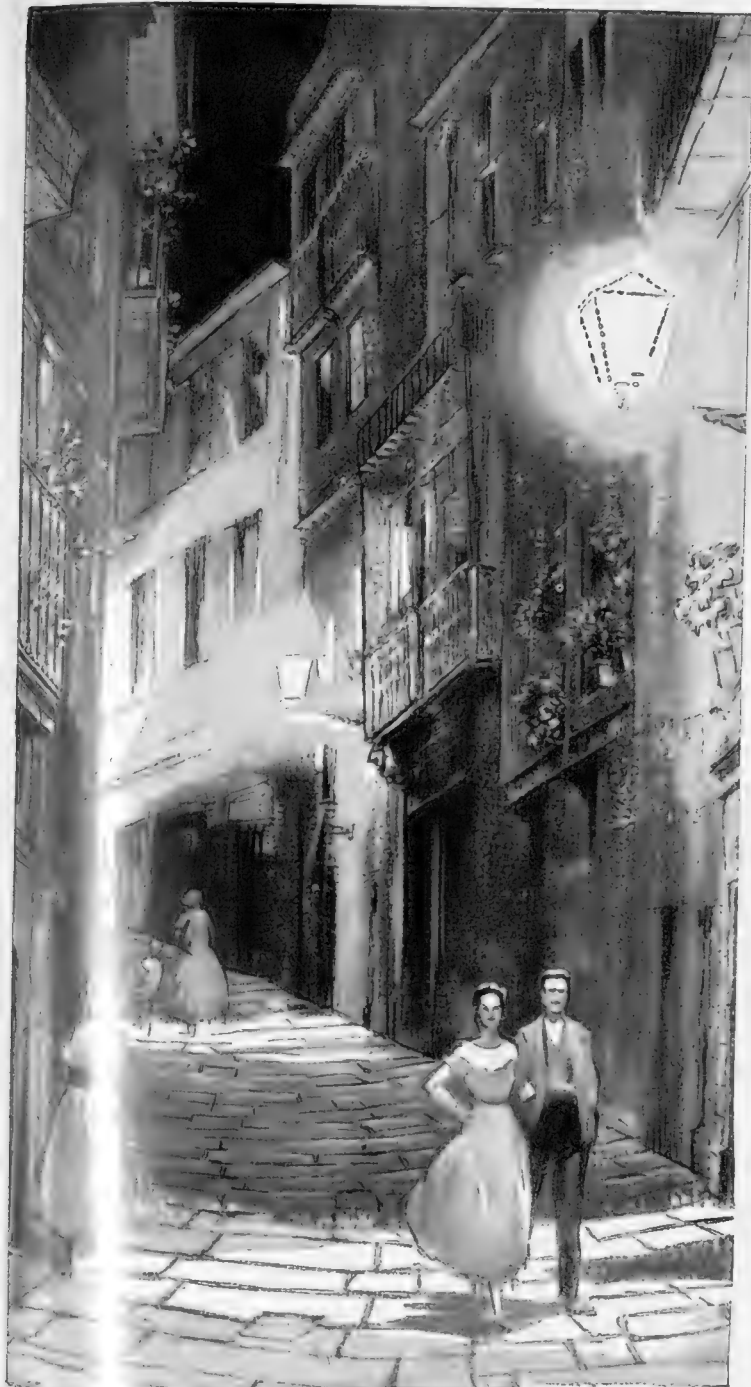
Wedding Days



Monk Bretton—Scott. Lord Monk Bretton, son of the late Lord Monk Bretton, and Ruth Lady Monk Bretton, of Conyboro, Lewes, Sussex, married Miss Zoe Diana Scott, daughter of Mr. Ian Douglas Murray Scott and of Mrs. Marjorie Coy Scott, of Winchelsea, at Chelsea Old Church, S.W.3



Noel—Were. The Hon. Gerard Eyre Noel, younger son of the late Earl of Gainsborough, and of Alice Countess of Gainsborough, of The Court, Campden, Glos, married Miss Adele Julie Patricia Were, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Bonville Were, of Carrington House, Hertford St., W.1, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street



This is the road to enchantment



Discover the special magic of Spain and holidays cease to be a problem! Nowhere else can you find such contrasts, such a rich variety of people and places. Laughter and majesty, warmth and

colour, a thousand happy memories await you in Spain—and beneath it all the happy feeling that you're welcome . . . hasta la vista!

This year . . . next year . . . sometime . . . ever

SPAIN

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR FULL INFORMATION

Horrockses



THE VAST Daimler 4½-litre limousine with its 167 b.h.p. will shortly cease to be the mainstay of the Daimler Hire Company



MOTORING

OLIVER STEWART

A new air-road link to welcome tourists to Britain

TOURING in the United Kingdom is likely to receive its biggest stimulus since the introduction of air travel. That was, in effect, the promise made by Lord Brabazon when he talked about the new plans for the Daimler Hire Company, which has been bought by the American hire-car firm, Hertz International, for one and a half million dollars. Lord Brabazon assured me that the company would continue to use some Daimler cars so long as they were being built, but no longer will the enormous, chauffeur-driven vehicle be the firm's hall-mark. Instead the most important innovation will be a massive increase in self-drive hire, mainly of small cars, from airports.

In the United States this facility is in large-scale use. Now Daimler Hire are to accelerate progress here with a fleet of cars which they intend to treble within four years. Visitors from abroad will be able to take over a car directly they disembark from the aeroplane and, on presenting their national driving licence and credit card, drive away.

Reduction in the number of formalities is one of the notable attractions of the scheme; another is its comprehensiveness. If the Common Market plans go forward, there will be a European Common Car Service to go with it. And Hertz are launching a publicity campaign to encourage Americans to visit this country.

On the financial side the new Daimler Hire plans appear promising. After apologizing for mixing his metaphors, Lord Brabazon described the purchase in dollars of an old-established British firm as a "classic example of eating our cake and having it too." If all goes well the dollar revenue, direct payment for services every year, will eventually approach the initial purchase figure of one and a half million.

When the company was started in 1907 I am told that the decision was taken that the weekly wage bill for London should not exceed £50.

OF course there will be regrets for the dowager-duchess days of Daimler. Those immense cars (formerly with the sleeve-valve engines), the luxurious fittings and rugs, were imposing; but they are now out of date in every sense. Keener regrets and more justifiable ones will be concerned with whether Daimler cars have an assured future. An opportunity such as comes to few motor-car makers came to Daimler when it introduced the fluid flywheel and self-changing gearbox. For, these were a step towards fully automatic transmission.

The car with fluid flywheel and self-changing box comes close to the car with fully automatic transmission and can, in fact, be driven as one in some circumstances. For instance in traffic

the flywheel slip is adequate to enable a single gear to be held all the time. So in Britain we had moved half-way to the automatic transmission; but we failed to exhibit the progressiveness that would have taken us all the way.

RUMOURS still go round that the manufacture of Daimler cars is to cease. It was good to hear, the other day, official denials. It would be tragic if, now that the name of our greatest pioneer, F. W. Lanchester, is no longer perpetuated in a car model, the same should happen with Daimler. It would be especially so because of the fact that these two names have been associated with so much technical pioneering.

One finds in motoring, as in aviation, that whenever a new development is suggested, Lanchester, who died in 1946, had already thought of it. He formed the Lanchester Motor Company in 1899, and was consulting engineer and technical adviser to the Daimler company and B.S.A. from 1909 to 1929. To him we owe, not only the epicyclic gear, basis of the self-changing box, but many other inventions now taken for granted in motoring.

Few people will remember today the old Lanchester cars with tiller steering; but a friend of Lanchester's quite recently had the vividest recollection of them for, he said, Lanchester drove them round the narrow winding country roads near Cambridge at a speed which "appeared to be excessive!"



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LORD ROTHERWICK (right), with his wife and Capt. D. W. Sowden on board the Warwick Castle. Lord Rotherwick, chairman of the Union-Castle line, was bound for Mombasa when he became ill and was taken to hospital at Aden

DINING OUT

A date in Berkeley Square

I. BICKERSTAFF

IT was Dr. Johnson who said: "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn." I don't think one can describe the Colony Restaurant in Berkeley Square as a tavern or an inn, but I am assured by Mr. Harry Morris, its managing director, that when it opened Dr. Johnson's theory of "good food, properly served at a reasonable price" was the policy they adopted. Whenever I enter the door I certainly experience what Johnson called an "oblivion of care," whether it be for lunch, for the theatre dinner they serve from six-thirty, or for the dining-dancing and cabaret which goes on from 8.30 p.m. to 2.30 a.m.

This is a smart and fashionable establishment, and as such your bill is entirely what you make it. Their "Carte des Gourmets" gives an immense selection, and the centre column of fourteen specialities "*pour les Gastronomes*" is prepared by the *maitre chef de cuisine*, Monsieur Bagole, whose kitchen you are invited to inspect at any time you wish. Apart from this, their cold buffet is superb. The general manager is Joseph Della who originally came from Milan. He served his apprenticeship at the old Hotel Cecil.

A CUSTOM of many wine merchants is to invite guests to take wine and food with them in their offices. On such occasions the food is good, the wine remarkable, and the company excellent. This was the case when Alfred Langenbach, famous shipper of German wines, whose book *The Wines Of Germany*, first published in 1951, has been my constant companion, invited me to lunch at the City offices of Percy Fox and Co., of which he is the chairman. Now nearly seventy-nine years old, Mr. Langenbach was shortly to set off for a six weeks' visit to the U.S.A., where he is at present. With his gay and very puckish sense of humour, he must be having a wonderful time.

People often ask me: "When you wine and dine with some of these famous wine merchants, what wine do they provide?" I can do no better than give you a list of the wines Mr. Langenbach provided on this occasion, the main course being a saddle of English lamb: Lanson 1949 Extra Quality Champagne; Wehlener Nonnenberg 1953, estate bottling; Liebfraumilch "Crown of Crowns" Centenary wine 1953—an attractive, fairly full wine, characteristic of the Rheinhessen district, with a distinctive bouquet, a fine flavour and some sweetness. This wine was shipped originally to mark the centenary of Langenbach in Worms.

There was also a Niersteiner Auflangen Riesling Feinste Auslese 1937 and an Oestricher Lenchen Riesling Auslese 1934, a remarkable wine of outstanding bouquet and full yet delicate flavour, typical of the Riesling grown universally in the best growths of the Rheingau. It was still fresh and youthful after more than twenty years in bottle; a unique wine now, and probably unobtainable except in Germany.

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DINING IN

Team work in the kitchen

HELEN BURKE

SIX of us dined and wined so deliciously in the home of friends that I decided to devote my notes this week to the meal. Not only was it beautifully prepared and served, but also there was not one course of which a critic could say that the particular food was too much for the wine, or that the wine was too much for it.

Unless one knew, as I did, that our hostess (who is French) was her own cook, one would have assumed that a chef of the first rank was in the kitchen.

How does such a performance come about? First, there is good management—planning well ahead, knowing how long each item will take to prepare, and selecting foods which cannot possibly take longer than the estimated time. I asked my hostess if she had planned the meal and if my host had then “fitted in.” From her rather uncertain reply I realized that it had been joint planning—good team work, as it were.

There had been complete consultation, so that all the ingredients in each dish were there only because they were good companions for the different wines.

Here was the menu: *Turbot Mayonnaise* (garnished with grapes and prawns); *Poulet au Porto*, *Pilaff de Riz*, *Chicorée Braisée*; *Fromage Monsieur et Gorgonzola*; *Crème Bavaroise à l'Orange*.

WITH the turbot, my host served a *Chablis Premier Cru*, 1952, a beautifully dry but fruity wine. Because it was so delicate, my hostess had made the mayonnaise with an almost imperceptible amount of lemon juice, so as not to interfere with the Chablis.

With the chicken was served *Cheval Blanc*, 1952, a round smooth wine which I would probably have dated earlier. The port and *fine champagne* which were included in the cream sauce went very well with it.

A Beaune, 1949, went with the cheese, and that needs no praise from me. But I must say that the Gorgonzola was one of the smoothest and creamiest I have enjoyed for a long time. The combination with the burgundy was excellent.

Finally, we had the most delicately put together Orange Bavarian Cream, highlighted by the addition of less than a finger of Kirsch (liqueur-glass measurement).

Note that the cheese came before the sweet. To me, this makes gastronomic sense. It is the French custom and I wonder why we in this country do not follow it? Red wine with the main meat course can carry on with cheese. If, on the other hand, a sweet and a sweet wine with it succeed the meat, we must return to red wine with the cheese, which does seem a little muddled.

It was an excellent menu for the hostess-cook. The only hot course was the main dish and its appropriate accompaniments. How wise to serve pilaff rice, instead of potatoes, with the chicken! Rice will wait amiably for a reasonable time, while potatoes suffer if not served at once when cooked.



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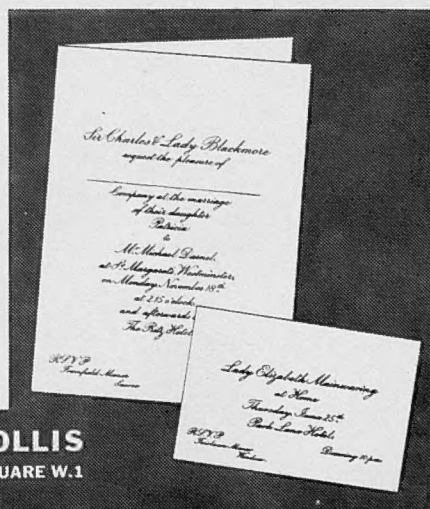
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Schweppshire LADS

It is our pleasure and privilege this year
to record certain extracts from the Schweppshire Roll, wherein are
recorded the names of Schweppshire Lads who have Made Good



LET us present for a start J. O. Crate. His parents were poor but they were tremendously kind to him. At his School there was not a single unkind master. The weather was mostly good and though he was the youngest child he was never spoiled, nor, alternatively, was he ever in the least bashed. His young parents soon treated him as if he were one of their own generation; and an atmosphere of affectionate friendliness pervaded Bean Hall Quarry Field, the lowly site of their cottage.

After a happy year as a gnome-carver's apprentice, Crate was soon writing books all about pleasant subjects with titles like *Sunset over the Rushes* and *Cotswold Cupid*, which mixed up young people with nature, but in a harmless way. The only sadness in his life was that none of these books sold more than 450 copies.

How did the change come? It may have been the occasion when he became so tremendously nice to his mother that she got fed up and called him sloppy-chops. Then there was the unexpected effectiveness of his reply—"You nasty old hay bag". There was the sensation, leading to quite a big sale, when his "*Birdsong and Dawning*" was misprinted as "*Yawning*," trebling the sales. Anyhow it was about this time that Crate suddenly achieved a successful Angry Young Manhood. He wrote a novel showing up, in exceptionally thin disguise, the rottenness of his prep. school: he created a new philosophy in his *No Go*: he cut his aged Father dead "because", he said "of his unpleasant limp". Everybody loved it, everybody bought his books, and he now lives in luxury, more tremendously angry than ever, although every now and then, behind locked doors, he arranges flowers, pats the head of his Alsatian, and writes secret letters, which he never posts, to his sweet old nurse.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him